

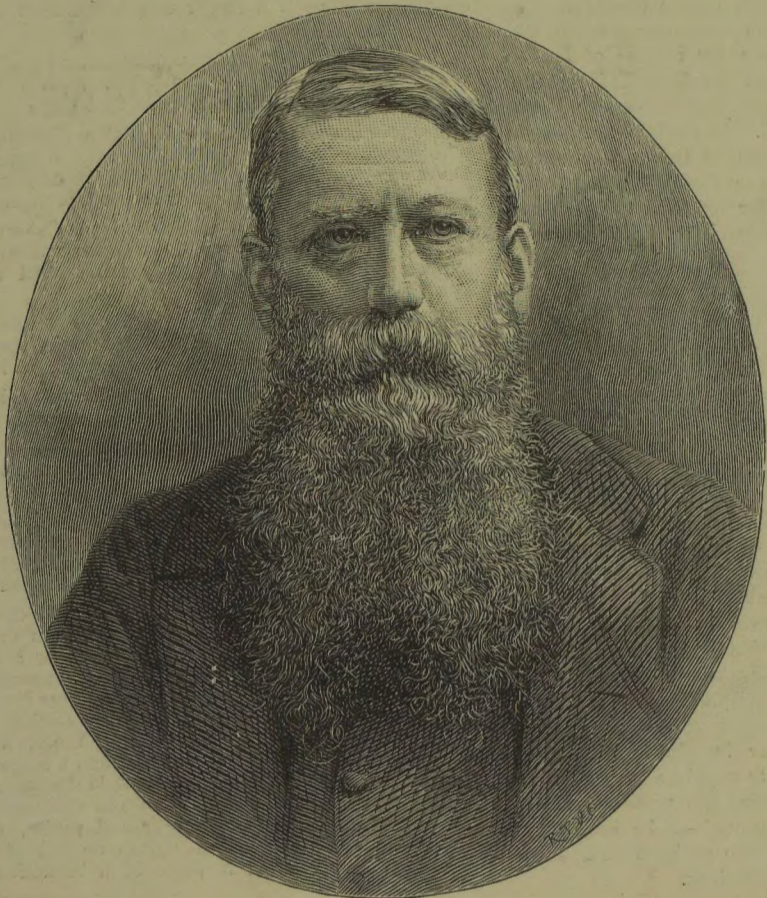
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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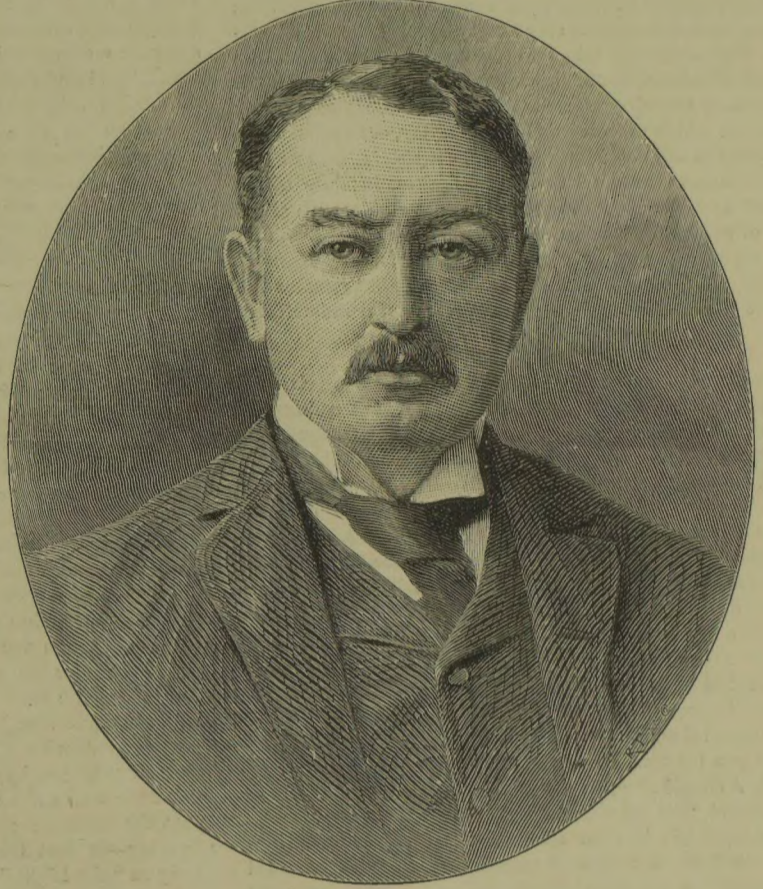
No. 2705.—VOL. XCVIII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.



SIR HENRY B. LOCH, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE COLONY.



THE HON. CECIL RHODES, PRIME MINISTER OF THE CAPE COLONY.



OUR ARTIST IN SIBERIA: FIRST VISIT FROM OFFICIAL RUSSIA.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The delegates from the Sioux nation have had a "pow-wow" with the American Government with reference to their grievances. The deputation was composed of "Braves," and from their titles they seem to have been indeed worthy of the name. One of them, "the Young Man Afraid of Horses," strikes one as being particularly distinguished for moral courage. In the whole length and breadth of this country one could probably hardly find a young fellow intrepid enough to acknowledge as much. Every Englishman is supposed to be a centaur, and, if he cannot get on a horse himself, is always ready to put his money on one. Even the City clerk knows all about the animal, and is familiar with his performances in the City and Suburban. Metaphorically, he would toy with his mane, and would do so with his tail, though more, it is true, from ignorance than presumption. In the country, of course, the young man's acquaintance with the equine race is more practical. In the upper classes he cannot stay at any country house of pretension without being taken to the stables. I have seen him in the act of admiration of his host's glossy steeds: what he is often really thinking about is whether he would be safer by the manger, which the beast is biting in play, or in some angle of incidence in the neighbourhood of its heels. It is clear to a student of human nature that all he desires, in spite of his protestations of delight, is to get out of that stable, with all its charms of equine familiarity, and yet never have I known him bold enough to say so. "The Young Man Afraid of Horses," and owning it, is not to be found among us, but remains the ornament of the Sioux nation, and a proof of its indomitable valour.

"The progress of total abstinence in dinner-giving circles," my newspaper tells me, "causes a certain amount of embarrassment now and then. . . . A slight chill of disappointment is felt when the lemonade and iced water is handed round." This latter circumstance I can easily believe, and a very delicate way my newspaper has of putting it. I have no experience of the outrage in question myself, but, if it was committed upon me, I should at once go for the épergne. To sacrifice the most valuable article on the table would be, as the novelists say, "the work of an instant." The only way to meet such a monstrous breach of hospitality is evidently to pretend to be mad, and not to have observed it. Your teetotal friend is intelligible; when you go to dine with him, you put your flask in your pocket; but your friend who becomes teetotal without informing you of his conversion (or immersion), and gives you lemonade with your soup, is not a person to be tolerated. A couple of glasses of wine suffice me. I take them as the apostle did, "for my stomach's sake," because they give me a relish for my food; but for one's host to turn his house into a home for inebriates without warning seems a high-handed outrage in an Utica indeed. It may be an improvement upon the old plan of making you sit after dinner drinking claret, and conversing upon the vintages—which is really metaphysics—i.e., "talking of what you do not understand to people who do not understand you"; but surely there is a medium in these matters—something between lemonade and a magnum. If novelty is the thing desired (and probably this is what lies at the bottom of all these fads and follies), a much greater sensation (and little less indignation) would be produced by substituting vegetables for the meat, and porridge for the soup. As, in either case, it would certainly be the last time that any self-respecting guest would dine with you, this seems to be the better, because the cheaper, plan.

In these days, when so many foolish stories are in circulation respecting literary remuneration, it is interesting to come across a *bona fide* transaction with respect to the "honorarium" paid to the British muse. A writer of mature years, but unknown to fame, the poet Bridge, has sued his employer in the County Court for certain poems "made to order and duly delivered." They described some water meadows belonging to the defendant, and dwelt upon their desirability for fishing purposes in the summer and for shooting in winter. They may, therefore, be entitled pastoral, with a dash (or splash) of the subject with which Taylor, "the water-poet," has made us familiar. The question, however, was not so much as to what school of poetry the verses belonged to as what they were worth in the market (not a very open one) in the opinion of the Judge. In order to arrive at this conclusion they had to be read to him in court, a thing his Honour had not probably calculated upon as among the privileges of his position. To assess the value of the offspring of the muse at sight would have been embarrassing even to that versatile statesman who was said to have been ready "to take command of the Channel Fleet or to perform the operation for the stone" at a moment's notice.

This lake is so safe, as all should be knowing,  
You can get out and walk if you're tired of rowing;  
It's the best place in the Potteries for recreation,  
And only five minutes' walk from Longport Station.

The fidelity and exactness of this picture are beyond all praise, nor does the poet forget that his employer also provides food for the body in this delightful paradise.

There soon will be upon this spot  
Refreshments cold as well as hot;  
So if the chest with hunger craves,  
It shall be refilled close by the waves.

The delicacy and refinement which, without any exigency of rhyme, has substituted the "chest" for a more vulgar organ, will be appreciated by the cultured reader. It is also satisfactory to learn that the bard "took his solemn oath that the poetry was all out of his own brain, and that no one had helped him with a syllable of it." Under these circumstances his Honour, though "with much diffidence," and one is sorry to add "at a rude guess," decided that the sum of ten shillings would not be too much remuneration for an effort which, in journalistic phrase, may not be inaccurately described as "inspired." Tennyson has, no doubt, received more

money for less "copy," but the poet in question, though "a member of the Central College, Cambridge," and presumably possessing the advantage of "the higher education," seems to have been well satisfied. For an original composition (unless, indeed, one compares it with the sum received for "Paradise Lost") it appears, however, to be a very moderate payment, and I hope the award will tend to dissipate the monstrous fictions in circulation with respect to the gains of literary persons generally.

Those who have not read "Mademoiselle Ixe" should do so: it will very literally "wile away an hour," if you are an exceptionally slow reader. Never was such a book, to be called a book, for diminutiveness. If it were food for the body instead of food for the mind, one might compare it to an oyster patty, or rather to that still smaller *plat* called "a flying angel," of which we can no more take two bites than of a cherry. To "pad" is one thing, but to solidify a three-volume novel by hydraulic pressure into a *brochure* is an error in the other direction. This is what the author of this story has compassed. She has done for readers of Fiction what Brand and Liebig have done for invalids. It is a strong composition, though delicate and perfectly wholesome, but it strikes one as a waste of material. The effect, however, in bringing home to one the condition of the worst-governed and most unhappy country on the earth's surface, with a coward for its ruler and rogues for its ministers, and contrasting it with our humdrum but secure lives at home, is most remarkable. It is Nihilism in a nutshell.

A popular preacher in New York has drawn attention to "the multitude of young men at present smoking themselves to death," and, in illustration of it, he mentions that at twenty-five years of age his own excessive indulgence in cigars had nearly put an end to his existence. He does not seem to understand that his position is precisely the same as that of the habitual drunkard, who, having been reclaimed, raves against a moderate indulgence in Lager beer. Moreover, with a view of enhancing his self-sacrifice to duty, he tells us that a wholesale tobacco-dealer in Philadelphia offered him the best cigars in the country free for life if he would but exchange his pastorate for one in that city. Setting aside the obvious ingratitude, under such circumstances, of his attacking "the trade," it is amazing that he should have lost sight of the motive of such a proposal. For what other calling has ever produced such an admirer of pulpit eloquence? What has Temperance, or Vegetarianism, for instance, ever done to be compared with it? What dealer in aerated waters, or what greengrocer, has ever offered to supply a parson gratis with their wares if he would only come and preach to them? What the reverend gentleman has proved—if he has proved anything—is that theology and tobacco go hand in hand as surely as "the Light" accompanies the cigar.

Dr. Gordon Stables, an amateur Dr. Marigold—so far as his taste for caravans is concerned—has indorsed the views of the travelling folk as regards the Movable Dwellings Bill. He has, as he prettily expresses it, been "meadow-mate" with scores of them, and found them to be honest, frugal, industrious, and civil. He feels himself safer at night "among caravans than cottages," even if they are model cottages. The doctor "works hard for seven months in the year," and for the next five is a nomad. "I may be weak and weary when I start," he says, "but in three weeks' time I am double the individual." If this goes on, I don't see how there can be room for him in his caravan; but he is a man of science, and doubtless takes measures to meet the expansion. His caravan is called "The Wanderer," and is well known, not so much perhaps "on the road" as in the lanes and byways. His experiences in this mode of travel, which is "an education in itself," has, he tells us, caused many others to adopt it—healthy persons, "who are now also healthy and wise." He is a law-abiding man, like all his movable friends; but if the Bill should pass, and a policeman make "a domiciliary visit" to his caravan (which is his "castle"), he means to set his dogs at him. In spite of this little ebullition, what the Doctor has to say seems to be corroborative of the case of the travelling folk, and one must regretfully admit, with all respect to that honest philanthropist Mr. George Smith of Coalville, that he seems to have "got hold of the wrong end of the stick."

Everything is naturally at a standstill with us in literary matters, till we can get into our hand the long-looked-for Aristotle; a rumour was in circulation that the first deciphering of the manuscript—if papyrus can be so called—was so unsatisfactory that the edition had been suppressed, and the work was to be all done over again, but now we read that this is all a mistake, and that the first edition has been "exhausted," and the second in preparation. This is news indeed for those who have been panting and palpitating for a glance at the greatest "find" in literature that has taken place for a thousand years. Who are the people who have exhausted the first edition, and has it so exhausted them that they are unable to tell us a word about it? It is enough to make one assume the sceptical position of Betsy Prig, and doubt whether there has been any such discovery as this precious treasure. In the meantime, let us take up "Love in a Cottage," or making the most of a small income," which, though not exactly a constitutional work, has an indirect bearing upon politics through the channel of domestic economy. It takes the case of a young gentleman in a Government office, marrying upon £250 a year, and living, if not "like a prince" on it, in a very genteel way, and in the neighbourhood of the Crystal Palace. The expenses of this happy—and happy-go-lucky—pair are worked out in every detail (down to "slop pail, 2d."), and, except that they give "high teas" instead of dinner-parties, they seem to live very much like people in Mayfair. If this book had come out earlier, almost everybody might have married at once and lived happy-go-luckily ever after-

wards. The great matrimonial question, which has been so long agitating Society, need never have existed. But they were certainly a lucky pair to have got their drawing-room furnished for ten pounds; it, moreover, comprehends "a milking-stool" (price fifteenpence), which, unless they kept a cow, of which there is no mention, seems superfluous. The figures of this benefactress of her species have been, I see, disputed; I am myself quite unfitted to combat them (though "a large-sized reading-lamp" for eighteenpence—even though its "pink umbrella shade" was an extra—certainly strikes one as a bargain), but what I want to know is how the "sweet and savoury little dishes" were procured. I have called her lucky; but, if her maid-of-all-work produced them, luck is no word for this new "Roxana, or the fortunate mistress." Beyond a casual reference to certain "little dainties" made by her own hands, there is no evidence that she ever descended to the kitchen. If the author of "Love in a Cottage" will tell us how she got those "savouries" for her "dear Gilbert," she may rely upon a larger circulation than will befall the resuscitated Aristotle.

## HOME NEWS.

The Queen has abandoned her intention of going to Italy, and will probably leave England in March for Grasse, near Cannes. *Truth* suggests that Aix-les-Bains or Homburg may possibly be decided upon by her Majesty at the last moment.

The Queen removed, on Feb. 19, from Osborne to Windsor Castle. On Tuesday, March 3, the Queen will arrive at Buckingham Palace, and is to stay there until the following Thursday evening.

The Prince of Wales has postponed his annual visit to the Riviera until Easter, and, according to his present arrangements, he will start on Saturday, March 21, for Monte Carlo.

The Empress Frederick and her daughter, Princess Margaret, with their suites, have arrived in England.

Prince George of Wales is to return from the West Indies in May, and it is probable that he will then be appointed to one of the Royal yachts.

There have been some further theatricals at Osborne, in which H.R.H. Princess Beatrice played the part of Blanche d'Evean in "Our Bitterest Foe," and H.R.H. Princess Louise the part of Mrs. Ernest Militant in "Who Speaks First?"

Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg paid a semi-state visit to Newport on Feb. 10, in order that the Prince (acting in his capacity of Governor and Captain of the Isle of Wight) might lay the foundation-stone of the new Sunday-schools. The Royal party drove over from Osborne in an open carriage and four, attended by Miss Cochrane and Colonel Clarke, and they entered Newport by Coppin's Bridge, and were received by a guard of honour and a large company of local notables, including Mr. Harbottle Escourt, the Deputy Governor, and Archdeacon Haigh. The ceremonies included a short religious service "of prayer and praise," a number of presentations, the laying of purses on the stone, and the acceptance by Princess Beatrice of a beautiful bouquet of white flowers.

The Rev. Canon Creighton has been appointed to the Bishopric of Peterborough, in succession to Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York; and the Rev. Thomas William Jex-Blake, Rector of Alvechurch, Redditch, to the Deanery of Wells, in succession to the late Dr. Plumpton.

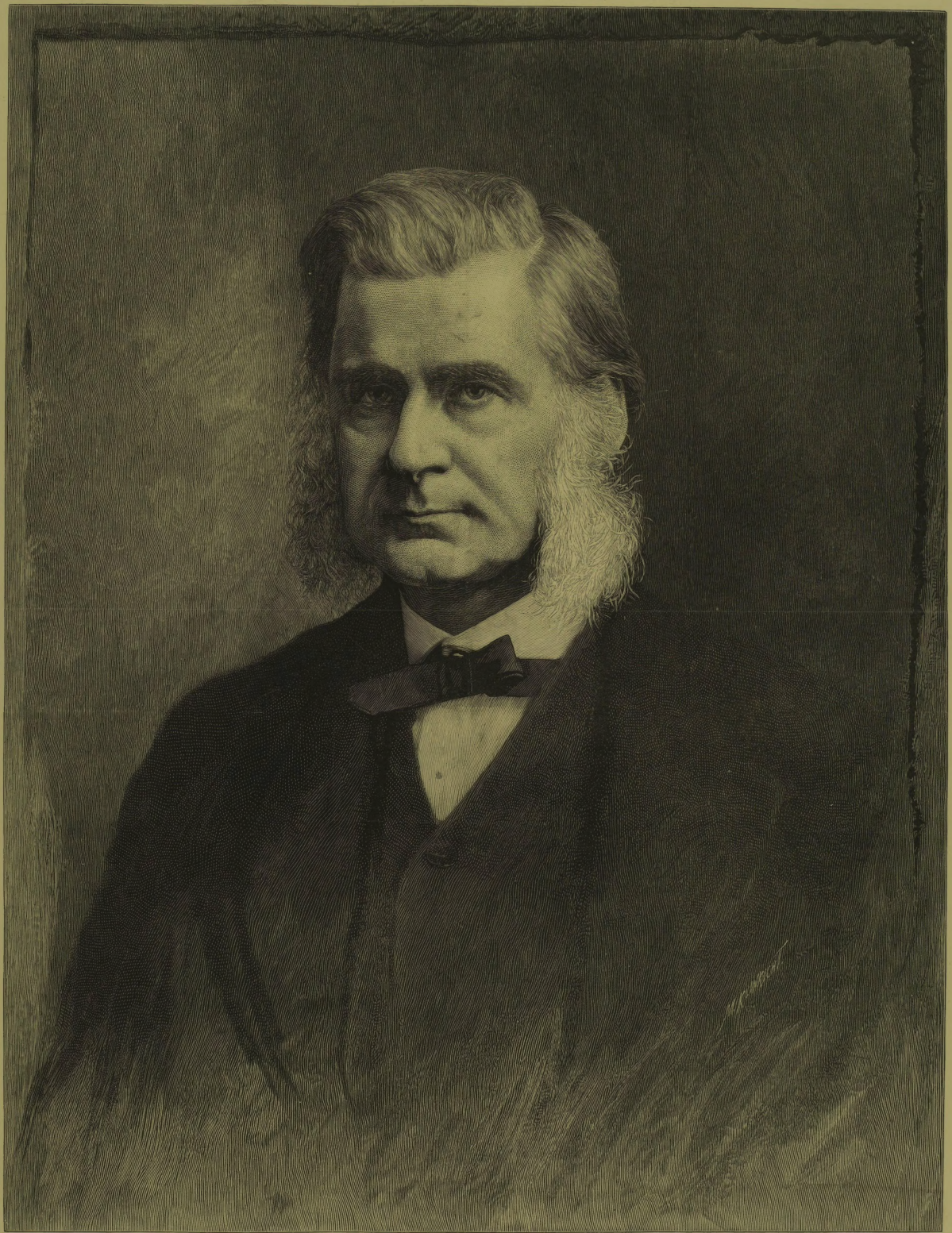
At the Northampton election on Feb. 12, Alderman Manfield, the Liberal candidate, was elected by a majority of 1713 over his Conservative opponent, Mr. Germaine.

The Boulogne negotiations have broken up in most admired disorder. The Irishmen had received assurances from Mr. Gladstone, covering the land question and the police, which were declared to be satisfactory. Mr. Parnell then formulated a fresh demand, which was that the promise to hand over the police to the control of the Irish people should have a mandatory effect, provided a Conservative Lord Lieutenant were in power. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues refused this, and the negotiations terminated, Mr. Parnell abruptly breaking them off and declining to resume them. The two Irish parties are now separated afresh, and both sides will begin active hostilities in Ireland without delay. Mr. Parnell and his opponents have both summoned meetings of their followers, *United Ireland* is, if possible, to be transferred to the McCarthyites, and bitter disputes have arisen as to the sharing of the accumulated funds. Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien have returned to England, and been arrested, after penning somewhat bitter letters lamenting the failure to settle terms of peace.

The debate on Mr. Morley's motion censuring the Irish Executive and the Government on account of the Tipperary disturbances was a somewhat conventional affair. Mr. Morley was met by a counter-resolution of Mr. T. W. Russell's, affirming full confidence in the Government and denouncing the Plan of Campaign. There were one or two interesting passages of arms between Mr. Morley and Mr. Balfour in the course of the debate, which, on the whole, had little life in it. The division was taken on Mr. Morley's motion, which was rejected by a majority of seventy-five. This practically ends the whole discussion, as the Government have not fixed a day for the debate on Mr. Russell's amendment, which some Irish members desired.

The dispute between the Shipping Federation and the National Seamen and Firemen's Union, which has involved the Cardiff dock trade, continues, and has extended to London. Early in the week there was good hope of a favourable issue, the dockers being content to narrow their claims to the single point that no preference should be given to non-union men, and the Federation avowing that they had no hostility to the unions. Sir William Lewis, however, has declined to discuss terms with Mr. Mann, of the Dockers' Union, and has contented himself with the statement that the vacant places in the ranks of the Cardiff dockers and "tippers" have been filled up. Meanwhile, the area of trouble is extending to London, where several ships partially manned by Federation crews have been "blocked."

Another Whitechapel murder has taken place in a dark arch in Swallow-gardens, but it is doubtful whether it belongs to the series which preceded it. The victim belongs to the same class as that formerly selected, but there are some notable differences in the character of the crime. A ship's fireman named Sadler is in custody, and, as he was absent from London during four of the nine preceding murders, he cannot, even if he is found guilty of the Swallow-gardens murder, be treated as the author of the whole of these terrible deeds. The question, in Sadler's case, is whether the murder was the result of a private quarrel in place of the apparently motiveless crimes with which the public is familiar.



MEN OF THE DAY.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## A FRIEND OF WORDSWORTH.

The death of Miss Jemima Quillinan of Loughrigg Holme, Ambleside, removes one of the last, if not the very last, of the favoured and famous group of kinsfolk who used to meet, half a century ago, in cultured, loving converse in the poet's home at Rydal Mount. Although not herself related to Wordsworth by blood, she was closely allied by many loving associations. Few have felt a warmer interest in Rydalian traditions, or been fuller of personal memories of the great poet, than the gifted lady the knowledge of whose loss will come to many lovers of Wordsworth almost as a personal bereavement.

She was the elder daughter of Mr. Edward Quillinan, who, born at Oporto, was educated and had settled in England. He was a man of considerable culture, an author and poet of some repute. As Matthew Arnold says of him—

A man unspoiled,  
Sweet, generous, and humane.

He had married for his first wife a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. Mr. Quillinan had made the personal acquaintance of Wordsworth, of whose works he had previously been an ardent admirer, while his regiment was stationed in Westmoreland. Quitting the service in 1821, he settled at Rydal, chiefly for the sake of the poet's society. Here he had the misfortune the following year to lose his wife, who was burnt to death. Few visitors to Grasmere Church will have passed unnoticed her monument, designed by Chantrey, just behind the pulpit.

At the time of her mother's death, Jemima was about two years old, and Rotha—so named after the beautiful stream, which recalls so many memories, flowing near their home—six months. The motherless infants became objects of great interest to the poet, by whom as they grew up they were much beloved, no less than by his daughter Dora, who showed towards them an almost maternal solicitude. Who does not remember the lines written in the album of Wordsworth's god-daughter—"Rotha, My Spiritual Child"?

The portrait of Jemima herself, which we publish, and which was taken in her girlhood, inspired the poem commencing "Beguiled into forgetfulness of care."

... Oftentimes and long  
I gaze upon a portrait, whose mild gleam  
Of beauty never ceases to enrich  
The common light; whose stillness charms the air,  
Or seems to charm it, into like repose;  
Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,  
Surpasses sweetest music. . . .  
... Those eyes,  
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky.

The bond became still closer when, many years later, in 1841, Dora Wordsworth became the wife of Mr. Quillinan. After a few years' residence in the south, and a stay at Oporto on account of her delicate health, Mr. and Mrs. Quillinan returned to the Lake country, and shortly afterwards settled at Loughrigg Holme, which has until now been the home of their sister. This charming and modest retreat is in a neighbourhood rich in associations. On the pleasant road winding from Ambleside to Rydal at the base of Loughrigg Fell, it stands next to the Lake residence of the late Mr. W. E. Forster, and within a few hundred yards of Fox How of Dr. Arnold on the one hand, and Rydal Mount on the other. From this spot have the members of this interesting little circle been, one by one, amid the tears and sympathies of sorrowing neighbours, borne to the well-known nook in Grasmere Churchyard. First Dora Quillinan, after a brief period of married happiness, in 1847; then, four years later, her husband. For many subsequent years the two sisters lived quiet, useful lives in their beloved abode—lives enriched by rare friendships and hallowed memories. Of the two, Rotha was the first to take her resting-place beside the stream whose name she bore. She died in 1876. The surviving sister still remained—and it was hoped she would long do so—in the same mountain home. The memories of the past did not dim the brightness of her advancing years. Her house was the resort of many lovers of Wordsworth, who were delighted by her willingly afforded information and reminiscences, which lost none of their value by her apologetic "You know I am not a Wordsworth." A son and daughter-in-law of the poet were for some years close neighbours, and the present generation of the Wordsworths resident in the Vale, together with Miss Arnold and other kindred souls, have continued to be among her cherished friends.

A long illness, borne with exemplary patience and fortitude, came to a close on Jan. 28, and a few days later the "Churchyard among the Mountains" received this last beloved member of a distinguished household.

## THE LATE MUSURUS PASHA.

We learn from Constantinople the death, on Feb. 12, of this distinguished member of the diplomatic service of the Ottoman Empire, formerly Turkish Ambassador in London nearly thirty years. M. Musurus, who was a Greek Christian, commenced public life as secretary to Stefanaki Beg Vogorides, afterwards Prince of Samos, whose daughter he subsequently married. This lady died in London. In 1847 he was appointed Minister at Athens, and in the following year was transferred in a similar capacity to Vienna. From the Austrian capital he proceeded in 1851 to London, and was raised to the rank of Ambassador in 1856, with the title of Pasha. He retired from the London Embassy in 1885, and has died in the eighty-fourth year of his age.



THE LATE MUSURUS PASHA.

## GOVERNOR AND PREMIER OF THE CAPE.

The brief visit of Sir Henry Loch and the Hon. Cecil Rhodes to England—they will return to Capetown in March—has been arranged expressly that the Governor and the Prime Minister of our important South African Colony may confer with Lord Salisbury upon some urgent political affairs. These mainly concern the extent of the authority to be allowed to the British South Africa Company in the regions of Matabele-land and Mashona-land, far beyond the frontiers of the Cape Colony; but Sir Henry Loch is Imperial Commissioner for all the dealings of our Government with the native and foreign States or tribes, as well as Governor of the Cape; and Mr. Cecil Rhodes is Chairman or Managing Director of the Company in Africa, as well as Constitutional Minister in the Colonial Government. Each of these gentlemen thus holding a twofold office, part of which does not exactly come under the control of the Colonial Office, it is not surprising that the head of her Majesty's Government should have invited them to a personal consultation in London, which may also be the more desirable to Lord Salisbury as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, since the pending negotiations with Portugal relate to territorial claims on the border of Mashona-land in dispute with the British South Africa Company. The result will probably soon become known.

Sir Henry Brougham Loch, who is sixty-three years of age, began life as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, but joined the Bengal Cavalry in 1844, was Adjutant to Lord Gough in the Sikh War, and was on special service, as Major, in the Crimean War. He afterwards belonged to the diplomatic service, accompanied Lord Elgin's Embassy to China and Japan, and was made prisoner by the Chinese, in 1860, when we had a Chinese War. Having returned to England, he became private secretary to Sir George Grey at the Home Department; was Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man from 1863 to 1882, then a Commissioner of the Woods and Forests, and five years Governor of Victoria (Australia), but in 1889 became Governor of the Cape. He is a Knight of the Bath and Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes is a gentleman of great business abilities, educated at the University of Oxford, who some years ago went out to South Africa, gained acquaintance with the operations of the goldfields in the Transvaal, and succeeded in large financial and administrative combinations, by which he has acquired much influence in the Cape Colony. He is now at the head of its constitutional government, supported by the majority of the House of Assembly, while he has been the chief promoter of the British South Africa Company, presided over by the Duke of Fife in London, with a Royal Charter granted in October 1889. The people of the Cape Colony evidently consider that this enterprise is one of Colonial as well as Imperial interest, but its political relations are not easily defined.

## THE LATE ADMIRAL DAVID PORTER.

This distinguished American naval commander, who recently died at New York, was a native of Pennsylvania, son of an officer who commanded a frigate in the war against Great Britain in 1812-14. His first achievement in the Civil War was the five days' bombardment of Fort Jackson, in the Mississippi, in April 1862, which enabled Admiral Farragut's fleet to force the entrance to the river, and subsequently capture New Orleans. In July of the same year his flotilla took part in the bombardment of Vicksburg. In 1863 he was appointed to the command of the Upper Mississippi flotilla, and was afterwards engaged in the two attacks on Fort Fisher, the second of which proved successful. He was appointed Admiral of the United States Navy on the death of Admiral Farragut in 1870. He has published "Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War," and other works.



THE LATE ADMIRAL PORTER.

## ROYAL DOGS AT AGRICULTURAL HALL.

To the exhibition of dogs, opened on Feb. 11 at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, containing nearly two thousand of various breeds, English and foreign, her Majesty the Queen was a contributor, sending collies and Pomeranians, which gained three prizes; and the Prince of Wales also won prizes for his Basset-hounds, named Bustler, Babil, and Bendigo III. The kennels maintained by his Royal Highness at Sandringham, his Norfolk country residence, under the management of Mr. Jackson, assisted by Mr. W. Brunson, are model establishments, forming a substantial range of brick building, divided into fourteen spacious apartments, with good ventilating and warming apparatus; and there are railed yards with brick floors, and three good paddocks, annexed to the kennels, all kept in beautiful order. Among the inmates at present are eight Clumber spaniels, some good retrievers, collies, fox-terriers, a Pyrenean wolf-hound, dachshunds, spitzhunds, Chinese and other foreign pets; besides the rough-haired Basset-hounds, Babil and Bijou, a pair presented to his Royal Highness by the Comte de Paris, with their progeny, Bustler and Bendigo III. and the female Bran, all which are of a grey fawn colour, excellent specimens of this favourite breed.

## VIEWS IN ICELAND.

The boiling mud-cauldrons and sulphur springs at Krisuvik, in the south of Iceland, are well worth a visit by tourists who wish to realise what volcanic action actually means. For miles and miles, as far as the eye can reach, nothing but lava mountains and lava boulders, fissured, torn, and twisted in every imaginable and unimaginable form, can be seen. At short distances puffs of thick white smoke are seen issuing from holes in the ground, and in numerous places the earth is so hot that it burns one's boots. The general impression left on the mind of the visitor is that he is merely standing on a thin crust of earth, beneath which, at a little depth, is a molten furnace. The illustration, from a photograph by Dr. J. Reynolds, F.R.G.S., shows one of a party of tourists heating a kettle of water in one of these boiling lakes.

The Gullfoss Waterfall is situated eight or ten miles north-east of the Great Geyser, and was also visited by Dr. Reynolds in July of last year. The river Hvita, here about a quarter of a mile in width, after flowing evenly but swiftly along its course for many miles, through an uninhabited but fairly level country, suddenly begins to descend in a series of beautiful cascades, each from 30 ft. to 40 ft. in height. The

water, arriving at the base of each of these cascades in a broken-up condition, again unites, and with a truly magnificent sweep makes a turn of about a quarter of a circle, and then, once more dividing into two nearly equal volumes, plunges headlong into an abyss about 150 ft. deep, some 50 ft. wide at the top, and 10 ft. or 15 ft. wide at the bottom. The chasm, contracting in this extraordinary manner, causes the mighty volume of water to rush away on its course, through a narrow ravine, with a deafening roar. The view is truly splendid; for, as usual in Iceland, the combination of colouring is superb. The water appears of an old-gold colour, hence the name Gull Foss, or Golden Fall; the lava rocks are of a rich purple; the grass is of a vivid green; and a continual rainbow hovers over the side of the main fall, due to the refraction of the solar rays in the enormous body of spray, which, rising to a great height from the falls, descends again in fine rain. This makes a waterproof an absolute necessity to the traveller who is fortunate enough to be able to reach the "Icelandic Niagara," if he does not want to be drenched to the skin.

## THE LATE MAJOR BROMHEAD, V.C.

One of the memorable incidents of the Zulu War twelve years ago is associated with the name of this gallant officer, who died on Feb. 10, at Allahabad, in India, of typhoid fever. After the defeat and destruction of our troops at Isandhlwana by the Zulu army of King Cetewayo, the post of Rorke's Drift, attacked by four thousand of the enemy, was defended, on Jan. 22 and 23, 1879, by two young officers, Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead, of the 2nd South Wales Borderers, and Lieutenant Chard, of the Royal Engineers, with a garrison of eighty men, who finally repelled the assailants. This exploit was deservedly celebrated, being mentioned in Lord Chelmsford's despatches as Commander-in-Chief, spoken of by Lord Beaconsfield and other Ministers in Parliament, and described in every history of the campaign, besides furnishing the subject of a well-known picture. Major Bromhead, who had entered the Army in 1867, was promoted and received the Victoria Cross for the defence of Rorke's Drift. He served with distinction in the Burmese Expedition, for which he gained the medal and clasp.



THE LATE MAJOR BROMHEAD.

## PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

"Emeritus" Professor—though a title smacking of that academic pedantry which in this eminent scientific and literary man is characteristically absent—would more precisely designate his position since he retired from the Chair of Natural History at the Royal School of Mines. Happily, at the age of sixty-five, his bright and keen intellect, long exercised in the study and exposition of Nature, in comparative zoology, physiology, and biology, and in philosophical definitions pertaining to the vast domain of organised life, displays unabated vigour in frequent discussions of ethical and social interest. Those who may differ with Mr. Huxley on grounds of theology, or on political and legislative questions, in some of his more recent controversial writings, must recognise in his presence among us the benefit of having an ardent lover of truth, so far as he sees it, acute in detecting fallacies and subtleties, doing real service, perhaps, even to some doctrine which he feels bound to oppose, by forcing its defenders to seek more profound and solid foundations for their faith. As a moral tonic, not less than an intellectual stimulant and discipline in the application of logic to moderate the airy flights of ideal speculation, Huxley's method of debate, to the extent of his acquaintance with the facts—but his knowledge of psychology is limited—has been an example of salutary influence. It does us much good to meet one who will not wink at any evasion of the argument; who compels us not to surrender our deepest convictions, but to claim the human right of "believing where we cannot prove," relying on an inward witness in the inscrutable workings of the heart and conscience; for these also are facts of experimental observation.

Thomas Henry Huxley, born at Ealing in 1825, studied medicine at the Charing-cross Hospital, became an assistant surgeon of the Royal Navy, accompanied the surveying cruise of H.M.S. Rattlesnake in the South Pacific and Torres Straits, succeeded Professor Edward Forbes in the Jermyn-street School in 1854, and has produced numerous treatises on his special department of natural science, the one most widely read being his "Lessons in Elementary Physiology," published in 1866. There is no English text-book of any science more admirable for its method and style of composition. In other books he has expounded and systematised the Darwinian theory, has laid down principles of zoological classification, and has propounded views of comparative anatomy which commanded attention. His literary ability, exerted on various themes, long ago won him the esteem of a large number of readers not specially devoted to the branches of natural science in which he was an appointed teacher; and he has taken some part in public business, as a member of the first elected London School Board, and on later occasions. For three years, from 1872, he held the official distinction of Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, and he is an honorary Doctor of several Universities. We hope long to enjoy the contemporary presence of Huxley and Tyndall in the intellectual life of this age.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: My First Buffalo-Hunt in India, the New Bishop of Peterborough, the Late General Sherman, "My Danish Sweetheart," Rambling Sketches (Chartres), Van-Travelling Showmen, Carnival at Cologne, Adrian Pulido Pareja, From the Thames to Siberia, Monte Carlo.

The Queen has just used her prerogative to create a baby-Baronet. It is an honour designed for a grandfather that has been visited on a grandson. This is Sir Coleridge Arthur Fitzroy Kennard, Bart. His grandfather, the late Mr. Coleridge J. Kennard, formerly M.P. for Salisbury, died, it will be remembered, just before the baronetcy had been conferred on him. Her Majesty made his widow a Lady, and has ordained that the title should be borne by her grandson. The young Baronet's father died on his way to Western Australia, whither he was proceeding for health's sake, a few years before Mr. Coleridge Kennard's death. The boy is five years old.

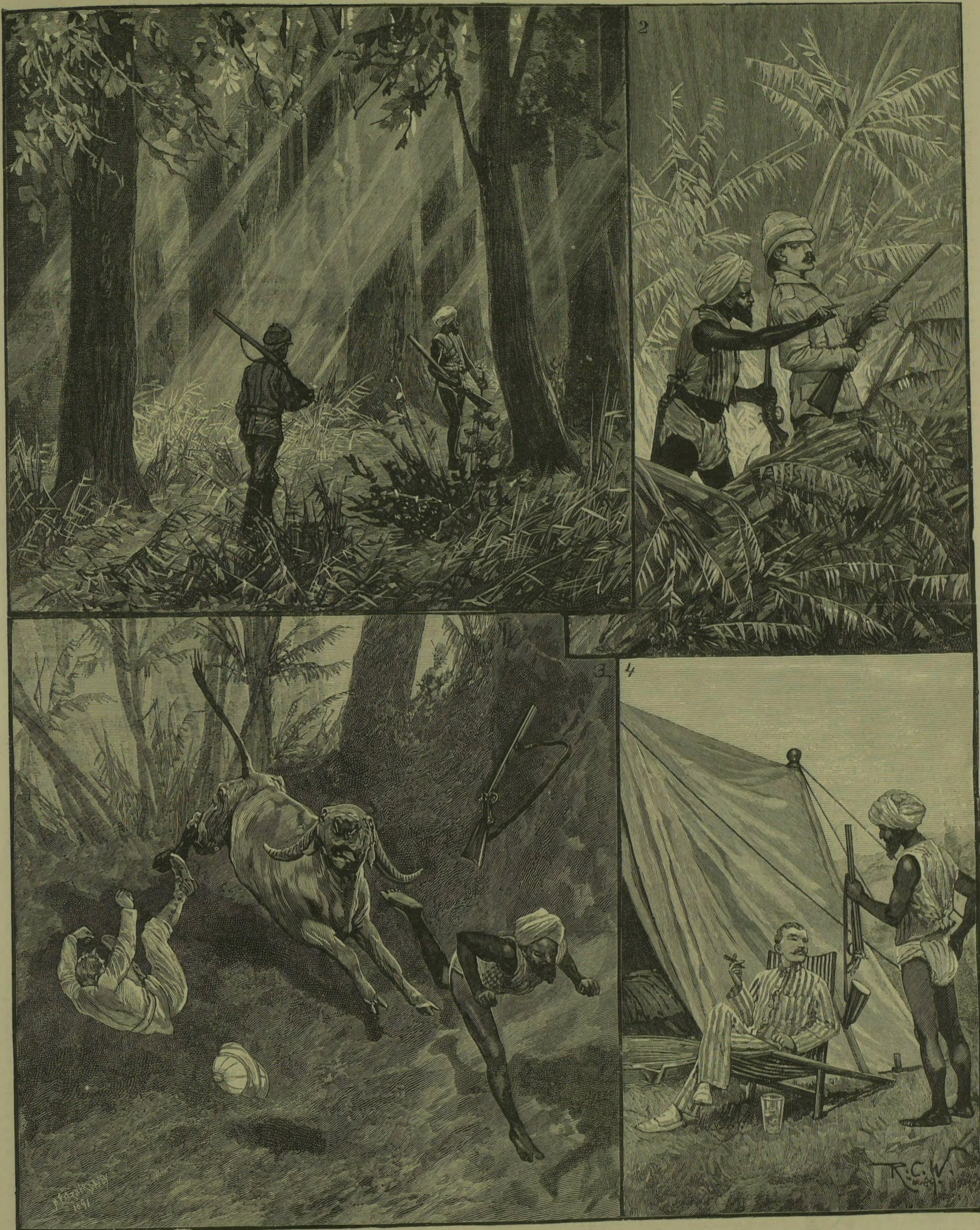


GULL FOSS WATERFALL, ON THE RIVER HVITA.



HEATING A KETTLE IN A BOILING MUD CAULDRON AT KRISUVIK.

VIEWS IN ICELAND.



1. I am guided by my Shikarree in the Forest.

2. My Shikarree has espied a Buffalo.

3. The Buffalo is too much for us both.

4. The Shikarree has found my broken rifle.

## MY FIRST BUFFALO-HUNT IN INDIA.

Almost every kind of sport and pursuit of game admits of possible adventures or failures which may be regarded in a ludicrous aspect. The expert was once a novice, and must have begun with unskilfulness, whether a native or a stranger to the country; when he has achieved a certain reputation for success, if he be a candid, good-humoured man, he can afford to confess his early blunders and defeats in such comic Sketches as those which appear on this page. Among the big wild beasts of India, which serve the purpose, in these times, of provoking our exiled countrymen, military and civilians, to healthy and manly exercise, sometimes flavoured with the excitement of danger, the buffalo is not to be despised. This animal, standing fifteen hands high, with a girth of perhaps 8 ft. 6 in. for the full-

grown bull, on short strong legs, but wonderfully active, seldom overtaken by a swift horse on open ground, has provided himself with formidable weapons of defence. He carries a pair of horns at least 5 ft. long, of 18 in. circumference at the base, of curving inwards at the points. His skin is very thick, and the only sure killing-spot to hit him with a bullet is behind the shoulder-blade, or between the withers and the bottom of the girth. It is necessary to use a heavy rifle with a large bullet of hardened metal. The herd may be found, in the rainy season, amid the tall grass near the edge of a jungle, known to the shikarree, or native huntsman and guide, who conducts our innocent friend to stalk a chosen bull buffalo in his first ambitious attempt. One may be excused for a sensation of nervousness in stealthily approaching from two hundred to

within fifty yards; the beast is not likely, when alarmed, to run away, but to charge his foes with so much justifiable fury that courage will be needed to stand and fire. He may be dodged, for a moment, behind a tree; and the shikarree will prefer, if he can, to climb a tree on pretence of looking out. The ignominious discomfiture shown in our third Sketch is not an imaginary event. Dropping the rifle in his flight, our friend escapes, with the shikarree, from a perilous momentary situation, rides back to his tent, refreshes himself with dinner, and reflects upon his day's adventure by the aid of a consoling cigar. The rifle, tossed and tumbled about by the enraged buffalo's horns, is picked up in the evening and brought to its owner, but in a rather shattered condition.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

There are some orators in the House who are not appreciated at their proper worth. Sir Robert Fowler is one; another is Admiral Field. They represent the style of what I may call glorious irrelevance. What they say has commonly nothing to do with the matter in hand; but it is full of patriotic fervour. Take the Admiral's speech on the Nelson Pillar Bill. Some persons in Dublin actually proposed to move the statue of Nelson from one end of Sackville-street to the other. Suppose Mr. Cunningham Graham were to demand the removal of the magnificent monument in Trafalgar-square to the Thames Embankment. Would not the gallant Admiral don his cocked hat, and call upon the marines to resist this monstrous outrage? My only complaint of Admiral Field is that when he opposed the Nelson Pillar Bill he forgot his cocked hat. Could the House have beheld that emblem of national glory, it would never have consented to a proposal which may involve the ruin of the Dublin Nelson. Vainly did Admiral Field implore the House to consider the feelings of the immortal effigy which was to be subjected to this affront. How could any patriotic Pillar be moved along Sackville-street without falling into dejection and decay? Why could not the Dublin Nationalist be content to gaze on Nelson, and learn from him the priceless blessings of the Union? I am sorry to say that the House listened to this appeal with irreverent mirth, but I cherish the hope that, when the Union has lost its Pillar, Admiral Field will supply the vacancy by appearing constantly in full uniform, to remind a degenerate Parliament of the maritime glories of England.

No greater contrast to the appearance and deportment of this naval hero could be imagined than the personality of Mr. John Morley. I have watched Mr. Morley's progress as a Parliamentarian with much sympathy. The House has a native prejudice against a literary man. It does not like to listen to periods which smack of the study. Epigrams it does not mind, but they must not be delivered as if they had come straight from the pen. Disraeli used to employ many a delightful phrase which he had carefully conned, but he respected the Parliamentary tradition in favour of circuitous speech by a hesitating delivery just before he reached the expected hit. Strangers might have supposed that he was really at a loss for a word, when he was only stimulating the palate of his party before dropping the toothsome morsel into their open mouths. Mr. Morley has not learned that trick, though he has made some concession to Parliamentary usage by practising involutions and parentheses. The House dearly loves a parenthesis. It enables the audience to prepare to cheer at the right moment, whereas a constant succession of points in direct and simple sentences would be too great a strain on the Parliamentary intelligence. I don't think Mr. Morley was in his best form in moving his vote of censure on Mr. Balfour. He used one unfortunate illustration in comparing the commonplace quietude of Tipperary just before the trouble at the court-house to the apathy of the House of Commons on a slack night. The interest of the House in his speech was distinctly slack: the benches were crowded, but even from the Irish quarter came none of those rapturous cheers which used to greet every point against Mr. Balfour only a little while ago. Not that the Opposition regarded Mr. Morley's case as weak, but they had other and more recent events in their minds. Mr. Parnell sat beside Mr. Healy, and it was impossible to look at the ill-assorted pair without thinking of matters far more significant than anything that happened at the gates of Tipperary Court-house. But Mr. Morley had his impressive moments. An occasional flash of fierce contempt gleamed through the Parliamentary phrases. Mr. Morley can express in a look or a gesture that scorn which every man of intellect feels for the conventional cut and parry of party warfare. He can also suggest, in a way which the House does not altogether relish, the existence of a higher tribunal than the Treasury Bench, and a more searching ordeal than that of the division lobby. I have always noticed that members never care very much for allusions to the electors when a Parliament is five years old. In their first Session they think most highly of the judgment of the electors, but in the sixth they are uneasy and distrustful. So the majority laughed a hollow laugh when Mr. Morley talked of the constituencies, and the mirth was still more extravagant and still hollower when Mr. Gladstone said, "You cannot avert the coming doom." Had he said, "Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd," the Ministerialists under the gallery could not have been more boisterous.

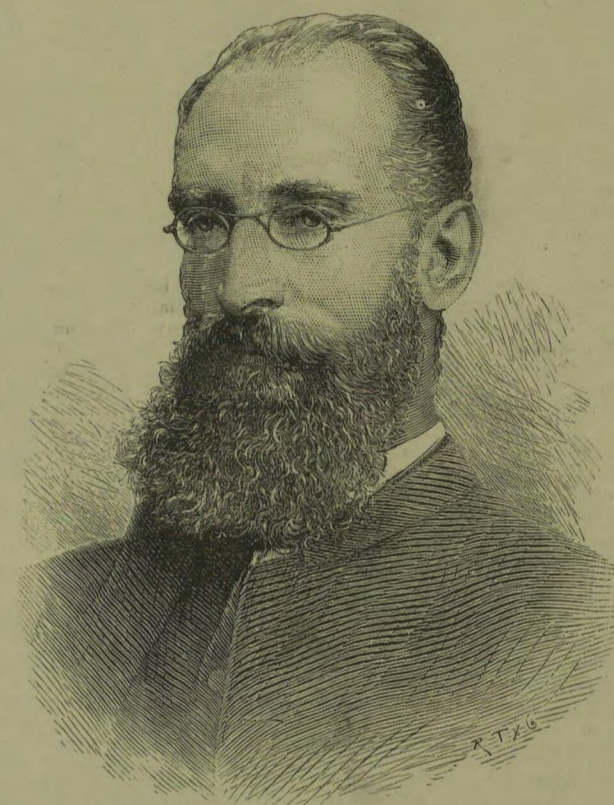
But I confess there is a figure in the House that has even more interest for me than Mr. Morley. Mr. T. W. Russell never speaks except in accents of the most impassioned zeal. His speeches are arranged with great care and no little skill, and there is a pathetic anxiety in the man to be eloquent. His sentences quaver off now and then into a semi-hysterical shriek, and when he approaches the peroration he invariably consults a piece of blue paper amid mocking murmurs of "Read, read!" If you can imagine a provincial tragedian with the fervour of a revivalist preacher, you may form some idea of the oratory of Mr. T. W. Russell. He is always provided with a tremendous array of documents, which he snatches up in turn and frequently shuffles. Shaking one of these at the back of Mr. Morley's head, he poured upon that personage a volley of contumely, amid which Mr. Morley occasionally turned round with an air of bland deprecation. Forcible Mr. Russell often is; persuasive, never. When he has been speaking an hour, the air perfectly aches with him. Passion without imagination, vehemence without proportion, diction which suggests an amalgam of the pulpit and the gazetteer, form a style that is positively terrible. I quake when Mr. Russell rises, because I know that one appalling phrase is sure to occur again and again. "And I will tell the House why" is the invariable prelude to an unsparingly circumstantial account of something Mr. Russell has done or seen, accompanied by violent wagging of the head. The man has ability of a sort, a Gradgrind appetite for a certain class of facts, a dogged persistence, an occasional dash of rough humour; but if this were to become the model of Parliamentary speaking, I would rather adorn a glass case in a museum than the table of the House of Commons.

I don't think Mr. Gladstone's speech in this debate was one of his best, but it led to an incident of an unusual kind. For some moments Mr. Gladstone presented a back view to the Ministerialists, while he vigorously controverted some point of Mr. Russell's. With uplifted hands he admonished that member, until the party on the other side of the House strove to recall his attention by crying "Order!" I don't believe this was intentional rudeness. The Tories were jealous of the attention which Mr. Gladstone was paying to his Liberal-Unionist antagonist. They are accustomed to follow every fleeting look on

the great orator's mobile face, and they objected to be defrauded of their accustomed entertainment. The cries of "Order!" were renewed till Mr. Gladstone once more confronted the great body of his foes. He made no comment on the interruption; but Sir William Harcourt, who is always zealous for Parliamentary etiquette, shook his glasses in a contemptuous fashion at the benches opposite, and exclaimed, "Your usual manners!" Meanwhile, I was much impressed by the singular contortions of Lord Hartington. As a rule he listens to Mr. Gladstone with his hat tilted on the end of his nose, in an almost ostentatious quiescence. But now he yawned—not a common yawn, not the simple distending of the jaws, but a complicated and protracted yawn, a yawn which had several stages, each of which seemed elaborately designed to express a profound distrust. More than that, he twisted his legs till it made me giddy to look at them, and swung one over the other—I really could not tell which—with a rapid and impatient movement which denoted extreme irritation. I hope this leg action will not become common, for the spectacle of many pairs of legs on both sides of the House in active operation will certainly drive the Bumble out of his mind. Think of Mr. Balfour's legs in full swing! When he is standing at the table, a master of repartee and retort, a brilliant Parliamentary fencer, I have an hour's genuine enjoyment; but if he were to tie his limbs like Lord Hartington's, in kaleidoscopic knots, I should not have enough reason left to beseech the Serjeant-at-Arms to carry me out.

## THE NEW BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

The Queen has been pleased to approve the nomination of the Rev. Canon Creighton, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge, to the Bishopric of Peterborough. The Rev. Mandell Creighton was born at Carlisle in 1843, and has been connected with both the great Universities. He was placed in the first class in Classical Moderations at Oxford, and in the final examination for honours, and was afterwards Fellow and Tutor at Merton College. Since his ordination, in 1873, he has been successively



THE REV. CANON CREIGHTON,  
THE NEW BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

Vicar of Embleton, Northumberland, Rural Dean of Alnwick, Honorary Canon of Newcastle, and Crown Canon of Worcester; and in 1884 was elected to the newly founded Professorship of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge. The University of Glasgow conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D., and that of Durham its D.C.L. Canon Creighton is the author of several historical works, including "The Age of Elizabeth," "Life of Simon de Montfort," and "A History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation."

The Portraits of Sir Henry Loch and Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and of the Rev. Canon Creighton, are from photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street; that of Musurus Pasha, from one by Messrs. G. and R. Lavis, of Eastbourne.

An amusing debate arose in the House of Commons on the proposal to remove for a time the statue of Nelson which stands in Upper Sackville-street, Dublin, on the ground that it impeded traffic. The removal was opposed by some Conservative members for Ireland and by Admiral Field, who sturdily maintained that the object of the Bill, which was promoted by the chief trading companies in Dublin, was desecration. The Nelson monument, he said, was a sermon in stone, inspiring Irishmen to love of the Union. However, the House took a more prosaic view of the case, and the Bill was carried by a majority of fourteen.

The Jamaica Exhibition, which Prince George of Wales opened the other day with *éclat*, is expected to aid in promoting closer relations between the different sections of British North America. Now the chief trade of the West Indies is done with the United States, but, for some reason or other, the United States exhibits at the Jamaica Exhibition scarcely occupy one tenth of the space covered by those from Canada. This fact will, no doubt, promote the interchange of trade between Canada and the West Indies, but it is not expected that the recent mission of the Dominion Minister of Finance will result in any exclusive preferential trade arrangement.

Great preparations are being made in Jerusalem for the reception of the Austrian Empress, who will be the second lady of Imperial rank to kneel by the Holy Sepulchre, the first being the Empress Helena, wife of Caesar Constantius and mother of Constantine the Great. An official reception will be prepared for her Majesty. Ibrahim Pasha, the Governor of Jerusalem, will attend the Empress at Jaffa, and conduct his illustrious visitor, with a large military suite, into the Holy City, where she will alight at the Austrian *hospice*. The journey will have more the character of a pilgrimage than that of an ordinary journey, and the Empress is already very busy with her preparations.

## "OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT."

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

In the fascinating volumes published seven years ago, in which Mr. Edmund Yates talks at large about *Moi-même*, he, with justly dignified pride, takes credit for having initiated that style of personal journalism "which is so very much to be deprecated and is so enormously popular," and of which London Letters are the latest organised development. But "The Lounger at the Clubs," who made his first appearance in the *Illustrated Times* on June 30, 1855, had a famous predecessor, with whom Mr. Yates was probably personally acquainted, and with whose work he was certainly familiar. Mr. N. P. Willis, prototype of the London Correspondent of to-day, was at work at least fifteen years before Mr. Yates lounged at the clubs, and longer still ere "The Flâneur" added fresh light to the *Morning Star*.

It was in 1839 that Mr. Willis founded in New York *The Corsair*, "a Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion, and Novelty." Willis's tit-bits were undoubtedly interesting. As Molière did (or did not), he took his good things wherever he found them, not particular as to proprietorship or even as to authenticity. He visited England fifty years ago with excellent introductions, and thought himself at liberty to share with his countrymen at home the delights and impressions he received on visiting historical places and in meeting notable people. Some of these latter showed a disposition to resent the practice, though Willis declares he had the best reason to know that in his pencillings by the way he had never offended either host or acquaintance. "The harm," says this early practitioner in the purveying of personal intelligence, "if harm there be, is in the spirit in which they are done. If they are ill-natured and untrue, or if the author says aught to injure the feelings of those who have admitted him to their confidence or hospitality, he is to blame."

Of course there was another still earlier and far more famous London Correspondent, the prince who ruled supreme a hundred years before Mr. Smalley came to reign. Horace Walpole had the advantage of being the son of a great Minister, and, as his letters are a century old, they are to-day regarded as a precious possession for the historian, a book of instruction and entertainment for the cultured reader. Had Horace Walpole lived in these days, and commenced life in other circumstances, he would undoubtedly have telegraphed his "Letter" daily to the provinces or mailed it twice a week to the *New York Tribune*. Then they would have been not literature, but London Letters, to be spoken of slightly and read eagerly.

There is an older London Correspondent than Horace Walpole—actually the very first of the race—who dated his letters from Jerusalem, and his name was Nehemiah. The thirteen chapters of this marvellous and, I fancy, little-read portion of the Old Testament are full of the graphic touches which the London Correspondent who has been born not made knows how to throw upon his column. Look at the picture this captive Jew, cupbearer to the King, gives of daily life in Shushan the palace: "And it came to pass in the month of Nisan, in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes the King, that wine was before him, and I took up the wine and gave it to the King. Now I had not been beforetime sad in his presence. Wherefore the King said unto me, Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? This is nothing but sorrow of heart. Then I was very sore afraid." I wonder that this scene has never attracted great painters who find their subjects in the rich background of Old Testament scenes.

But this bit of personal description is precedent to his departure from Jerusalem, where the real London Letter writing begins. Sanballat the Horonite, Tobiah the servant, and Geshem the Arabian, with their wicked plotting against Nehemiah's mission to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, are by successive light touches made to live again. There is minute description of the daily life of them that builded the wall, "every one with one of his hands wrought in the work and with the other hand held the weapon." Nehemiah does not neglect to give an account of the daily food prepared for his hospitable board. "One ox and six choice sheep, also fowls, were prepared for me, and once in ten days store of all sorts of wine." Wearing apparel is described, and names well known in the society of the day are freely handled. If the law of libel had been established at this epoch, Sanballat would certainly have looked up the contemporary George Lewis, and, if he had not found him with a permanent retainer from Nehemiah (which is exceedingly probable), would have instructed him to bring an action, claiming exemplary damages for the nasty things the Jerusalem letter-writer says about him.

In this country the London Letter became an established institution in daily journalism from the day the telegraphs were purchased by the State, and a special rate was conceded for Press messages. Of course there were London Letters long before, but they were chiefly weekly contributions, sent by post, dealing, in leisurely retrospective fashion, with past events. The model London Letter of to-day, telegraphed nightly to the provinces, serves up, hot and hot, the news of the hour, and boldly speculates on what is to happen to-morrow. It has come to pass in these later days that the provincial daily papers, thanks to their omniscient London Correspondent, are frequently a day in advance of London contemporaries in matters of personal or political intelligence. For years the lordly editors and managers of London daily papers looked on disdainful. They had souls above mere "gossip," and would scorn to lighten their heavy pages with snippety paragraphs, whether of personal or political intelligence.

But the long-suffering scoffed-at London Correspondent is amply avenged. To-day all the London papers—the latest to fall into line being the *Times*—have a column or columns of the class of paragraph which go to make up the London Letter to the provinces. It began, nine years ago, in the columns of the *Daily News*, then under the editorship of Mr. Frank Hill. One Session there began to appear, after the leaders, some large-type paragraphs, a few lines long, conveying personal information on Parliamentary or political affairs. The experiment was timidly tried, one, two, or three paragraphs appearing daily. But it quickly took on, and the example was promptly followed by other journals. The *Standard* was the first to follow suit, then the *Morning Post*, and this Session the *Times* blossoms forth into a full column.

The *Daily Telegraph* held back for several years, but it was only *pour mieux sauter*. One day it astonished the world by coming out with a regular London Letter two columns long, an example promptly followed by the *Daily News* with its corresponding supply of paragraphs. One paper has its "Day by Day in London," the other "This Morning's News." Thus is the London Letter, after half a century of struggling, domiciled at home, honoured in its own hamlet. Whether the new feature in the great London daily papers equals, or exceeds, in attractiveness the examples on which it is founded is a matter for the decision of the critical reader who has the opportunity of seeing specimens of both.

Next week I propose to turn over Mr. Smalley's London Letters, and see what can be done by a master of the craft.

## PERSONAL.

The marriage at the Mairie of Passy, in Paris, of Mlle. Jeanne Hugo, the great poet's favourite granddaughter, and a young lady of singular beauty and gifts, to M. Léon Daudet, son of the novelist, was turned into a great fashionable Republican function. The marriage was a secular one, for Victor Hugo, though an ardent Deist, was anti-clerical, and laid on his granddaughter, who inherits a part of his wealth, a characteristic injunction not to "allow a priest to stand between her and God." Madame Carnot, the very popular and handsome



M. LEON DAUDET.

MLLE. JEANNE HUGO.

wife of the President, was at the ceremony, and M. Jules Simon delivered an eloquent homily. There was a gorgeous ceremony, the bride wearing a dress flowered with point d'aiguille d'Angleterre of Charles the Second's period, the gift of her mother-in-law. Deputations from the democratic societies, of which Hugo is still a patron saint, laid a heap of bouquets at the bride's feet. The couple enjoy their honeymoon at the old Provencal Mill which Alphonse Daudet describes in one of his novels—a picturesque but rather gloomy retirement.

General Sherman's death removes one of the last great surviving figures among the commanders in the American Civil War. He was a man of great social gifts, and he retained to the last the popularity which his march to the sea and thence to the north with the Federal army of the west gained him. Riding at the head of his veterans in the grand review which signalled the close of the war, Sherman, in spite of his fierce quarrel with Halleck and Stanton, and his disobedience in concluding the armistice with Johnston, was the hero of heroes to the people of Washington. They received him with rapturous plaudits. Meanwhile the papers, which are full of the wonderful march through Georgia to the sea, have said little of the still more extraordinary march from Savannah to the north which broke up Johnston's army and finished the war. It contained no great battle, but the rapidity of motion, the magnificent triumph over physical difficulties—in some cases the men were wading waist-deep in water—were unparalleled in modern warfare. Sherman himself rated this last achievement higher than the march through Georgia. A generous, fiery leader, loving war with all his heart, hot-tempered, but magnanimous and merciful whenever mercy was possible, Sherman supplied with Sheridan the element of poetry on the Northern side which Grant lacked, and which was so conspicuous in the case of men like Lee and Jackson, the heroes of the Confederacy.

The death of the poor and rather foolish person who was dubbed in irony "the Poet Close" removes a familiar landmark in literary history (from its half-comic side). Lord Palmerston, as is well known, cared for nothing but foreign politics, though every now and then he could talk interestingly about agriculture. He left his ecclesiastical appointments in the hands of Lord Shaftesbury, but apparently he had no one to advise him in the matter of literature. So he awarded Mr. Close, a simple working-man in the Lake Country, who had written a quantity of doggerel, mostly without rhyme or

reason, a Civil Service pension. There was an outcry, and the pension was rather cruelly withdrawn. Mr. Close took to selling his poems and other wares to visitors to the Lakes, and got a small grant from the Royal Bounty Fund as a kind of consolation prize. He believed himself a poet to the last, and died an injured man.

Mr. Rider Haggard's friends are in deep sympathy over the blow he and Mrs. Haggard have sustained in the loss of their only boy during his parents' absence in Mexico. "Jock," as he was called, was the idol of his father and mother, and Mr. Haggard was never so pleased as when he was devising plans for the boy's future. He was a child of great promise, of singular and even precocious talent, and with many accomplishments.

Mr. Broadhurst is, happily, recovering from the attack of rheumatism which laid him low in his pretty little retreat at the foot of the golf-ground in Cromer. Mr. Broadhurst has not precisely retired from politics, but he now spends a good deal of time in his Norfolk retreat, in the county which is the favoured resort of Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Clement Scott, and poets, artists, and politicians galore. Mr. Broadhurst is practically the founder of the little Cromer links, which is carved out into delicious dells and hills overlooking the sea. He is an enthusiastic and very fair golfer, and much attached to the links at Felixstowe in neighbouring Suffolk.

Lord Salisbury's appointment of Canon Creighton to the Bishopric of Peterborough is, from the scholar's point of view, one of the best ecclesiastical nominations he has ever made. Scholars have always complained that the Prime Minister has neglected the claims of learning for those of organising or preaching ability. No such objection applies to Canon Creighton. He is an historian of acknowledged eminence, a curious point in his career being that, though an Oxford man, he was chosen to fill the Ecclesiastical Professorship at Cambridge. That choice was, of course, a tribute to Canon Creighton's eminence, but it was also a singular confession of weakness in historical research on the part of the latter University. The fact was that when Canon Creighton was appointed Cambridge contained no man in orders who was competent for the post. Mr. Gwatkin, a man

of the most brilliant University attainments, was not available, being a layman. So recourse had to be had to the sister University, which boasts historians in abundance. Canon Creighton's appearance is a trifle ascetic; he is an excellent speaker and preacher, and until late years was a political follower of Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. George Hitchcock, the brilliant American painter who immortalises the tulip gardens and the blonde peasant maidens of Holland, is not long for London. He intends hastening back to Egmont-an-Zee (where he has built him a house, and where his best work has been done), to be in time for the flower-harvests he depicts so admirably. It is pleasant to know that we are to receive the benefit of his recent labours, this autumn, in the shape of another exhibition of his pictures at the Goupil Gallery. One of his large pictures, "The Tulip Garden," is, in all likelihood, to become the property of the Duke of Marlborough, whom one is inclined to envy, despite his depressing views on the art of England.

It is hardly encouraging to learn that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has the very poorest opinion of our indigenous drama—indigenous and adapted. He is said to consider that all our plays are conceived and written from a false standpoint of art, and are almost calculated to eclipse the gaiety of nations. On the other hand, there is reason to believe that, in the fulness of time, Mr. Kipling may write a play himself. Then will commence the artistic education of our playwrights, who will, no doubt, be very properly grateful.

A story that is going the round furnishes one more example of the inevitable unexpected. Some fifteen years or so ago, when Robert Louis Stevenson made one among the little colony of art-students and others at Barbizon, a discussion arose as to who, out of all their number, could best be spared by the world at large—he, in short, who never would be missed by the general public. There was some difficulty about coming to a decision, so, finally, everyone present inscribed the name of his candidate on a slip of paper. The slips were folded, placed in a hat, and, on being opened and read, proclaimed that all (himself included) had voted for Stevenson!

Dr. Jex-Blake, the new Dean of Wells, is another addition to the more scholarly side of Cathedral life. Dr. Blake's chief qualification is his very able and successful head mastership of the school which Arnold made. He comes of a well-known Norfolk family, and was himself a pupil at the school of which he was in after years the chief. He was a scholar of University College, took a first class in classical "finals," and was subsequently elected a Fellow of Queen's. He has written a little on art and ecclesiastical subjects; but his chief work in life has been the Rugby head mastership, which followed on his appointment as Principal of Cheltenham College in 1868.

Cardinal Manning has again declared that he is not a Socialist, but an advocate of what he calls "social organisation." "When people on the Continent talk of my Socialism, they are mistaken," he said to a representative of the *Figaro*; "for, being an Englishman, I cannot be a Socialist." The Cardinal's root ideas on the Social question are really these. He thinks that industry should be moralised, that employers of labour should open their books to inspection, and that in particular the family life of the workpeople should be respected. He would also regulate industry by State action in certain particulars. Beyond that he does not go, and for the anti-religious developments of Socialism he professes a profound distrust and dislike.

The Irish Chief Secretary has been stopping in the same house with Sir William Harcourt, both of whom were the guests of Lord Rothschild at Tring. Mr. Balfour does not intend returning to Ireland until Easter.

A correspondent, writing to correct a statement as to Sir W. T. Lewis's earlier life, in a paragraph which in other respects he describes as "substantially accurate," says that Sir William, on leaving school, became an articled pupil to his father, a well-known civil and mechanical engineer in Glamorganshire. He became duly qualified as an engineer, and was then appointed assistant engineer to the Bute Estate, finally succeeding to the chief engineership in 1865.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

This is a very pretty quarrel now raging between the German newspapers of various political hues! And all about General von Caprivi's African speech and his quotation of Prince Bismarck's saying anent Lord Salisbury's retention of office being worth more than Vitu to Germany. Prince Bismarck's organs are very indignant that the present Chancellor should have given publicity to a remark intended only for the officials of the German Foreign Office, and destined to remain buried in the pigeon-holes of that department of State. How it will all end nobody knows, but the Emperor has, it is assured, spoken very plainly on the attempts of certain papers in Hamburg and Munich to throw difficulties in the way of the Government, and expressed his strong disapproval of the conduct of Prince Bismarck, who has (so one of the reports makes the Emperor say) "torn the laurels from his own brow." Of course Prince Bismarck will reply, and so it will go on, until William II. thinks the time has come to close the controversy, when he will find means to put an end to it. Truly, a pretty quarrel!

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* sets a rumour afloat as to the impending prosecution of Prince Bismarck. Telegrams, or pretended telegrams, from Germany, to which Parisian journalists give currency, dwell upon the threatening language of the young Emperor and of those who surround him. At any rate, the statement that Prince Bismarck is organising a Parliamentary party in opposition to the Court and Government is generally credited on the Continent. He has succeeded in winning over to his side the *Münchener Allgemeine Zeitung*, and he already controls the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, so that the ex-Chancellor has at his command two organs of the Press of some importance. Meanwhile the present situation is somewhat favourable to the formation of such a *Fronde* as the Prince is stated to have in view, and from Paris at least further exciting developments are naturally awaited with equanimity.

A surprising piece of news comes from Berlin, to the effect that Count Schouvaloff, the Russian Ambassador to Germany, has just paid a visit to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh. It is curious that the Ambassador of a friendly Power should visit a statesman in the position of Prince Bismarck at the present time, unless he went as peace-maker. It is easier to understand, however, that Signor Crispi is about to go to Friedrichsruh on the invitation of Count Herbert.

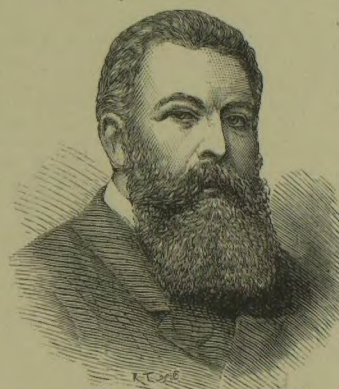
The other day the German Emperor dined with General von Caprivi, when he is reported to have talked on every conceivable subject, including Socialism. The Anarchist and Socialist leaders, who are organising a great demonstration to take place on May 1, will, no doubt, note his Majesty's remark

to the effect that should the Social Democrats overstep the bounds of legality they will meet with the most decided repression.

The German Exhibition, to be held this summer at Earl's Court, is to contain the most complete Fine Art Section ever exhibited by Germany in any foreign country. That every effort will be made to insure the success of this undertaking may be gathered from the fact that the organising committee in Germany is presided over by Herr von Bennigsen, the Governor of the Province of Hanover.

The very cordial reception extended by the Czar to the Archduke Ferdinand d'Este has undoubtedly led to a rapprochement between Russia and Austria. The autograph letter of the Emperor of Austria to the Czar, of which the Archduke was the bearer, may not have great political importance, in the sense that it does not indicate any change in the general policy of Austria; but it must be remembered that, on one point at least, Austrian policy is practically independent of the Triple Alliance. In view of possible troubles in the Balkan peninsula, or rather in Serbia, where the quarrels of Queen Natalie and her ex-consort, King Milan, may at any moment create difficulties, it is satisfactory to know that Austria and Russia are agreed on one thing, which is that neither of them will countenance any disorder or attempt at disorder on the part of any faction or party. Left to themselves, Serbian politicians or parties are practically harmless, so that the withdrawal of support from outside is enough to prevent serious disturbances in the dominion of King Alexander. In this way the good understanding between Russia and Austria is a guarantee of peace.

On Feb. 14, in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, the Marquis di



MARQUIS DI RUDINI.

Rudini, the new Premier, read a statement setting forth the policy he and his colleagues intend to pursue. The Marquis di Rudini is all for peace and retrenchment, but not reform. As to peace, he will resolutely maintain Italy's alliances, and prove to all the world that Italians have no aggressive intentions. It was to be expected that the Marquis would have a word to say about Italy's relations with France, and he has spoken on this subject in unequivocal language: "Doubt, suspicion, and distrust having been wrongfully raised concerning our relations with France," said he, "we shall strive to dispel all false judgments, and we are convinced that we shall inspire by our calmness and moderation the confidence which we are conscious of deserving."

These words have created a most favourable impression in France, for it is a long time since an Italian Minister spoke in such friendly terms of the French nation, and Parisian journalists have not been slow in noting them, and expressing their satisfaction. If the Marquis di Rudini does nothing more than restore cordial relations and mutual confidence between his country and the French Republic, he will not have done badly for Italy and the peace of Europe.

Retrenchment is the next point touched upon in the Italian Minister's statement. The Marquis di Rudini proposes to balance his budget by making reductions on all the estimates, not excepting those of the Ministries of War and Marine and the African Department. As to reform—namely, the abolition of *scrutin de liste*—the new Cabinet intends to remain neutral.

The very moderate, sensible, and peaceful speech of the Marquis di Rudini has been received rather coldly by the Italian deputies, who do not seem to have much confidence in the ability of the new Ministry to balance the budget by economies only, and without imposing additional burdens on the taxpayers. But the members of the Chamber received with applause the declarations relating to the Triple Alliance and foreign policy. The Chamber adjourned till March 2, when the Ministry will be prepared to lay before the deputies definite proposals to carry out their policy, and it is too early to express an opinion on the chances of life of the Rudini Cabinet. The Left, however, seem disposed to attack the Ministry on the first opportunity, although Signor Crispi would prefer to give it time to develop its programme. The late Premier is reported to be of opinion that the new Cabinet will soon find that their predecessors' policy is the only means of getting out of Italy's present financial difficulties. To use a phrase which has become hackneyed within the last few weeks, politicians with a sporting turn of mind might do worse than "put their money" on Crispi.

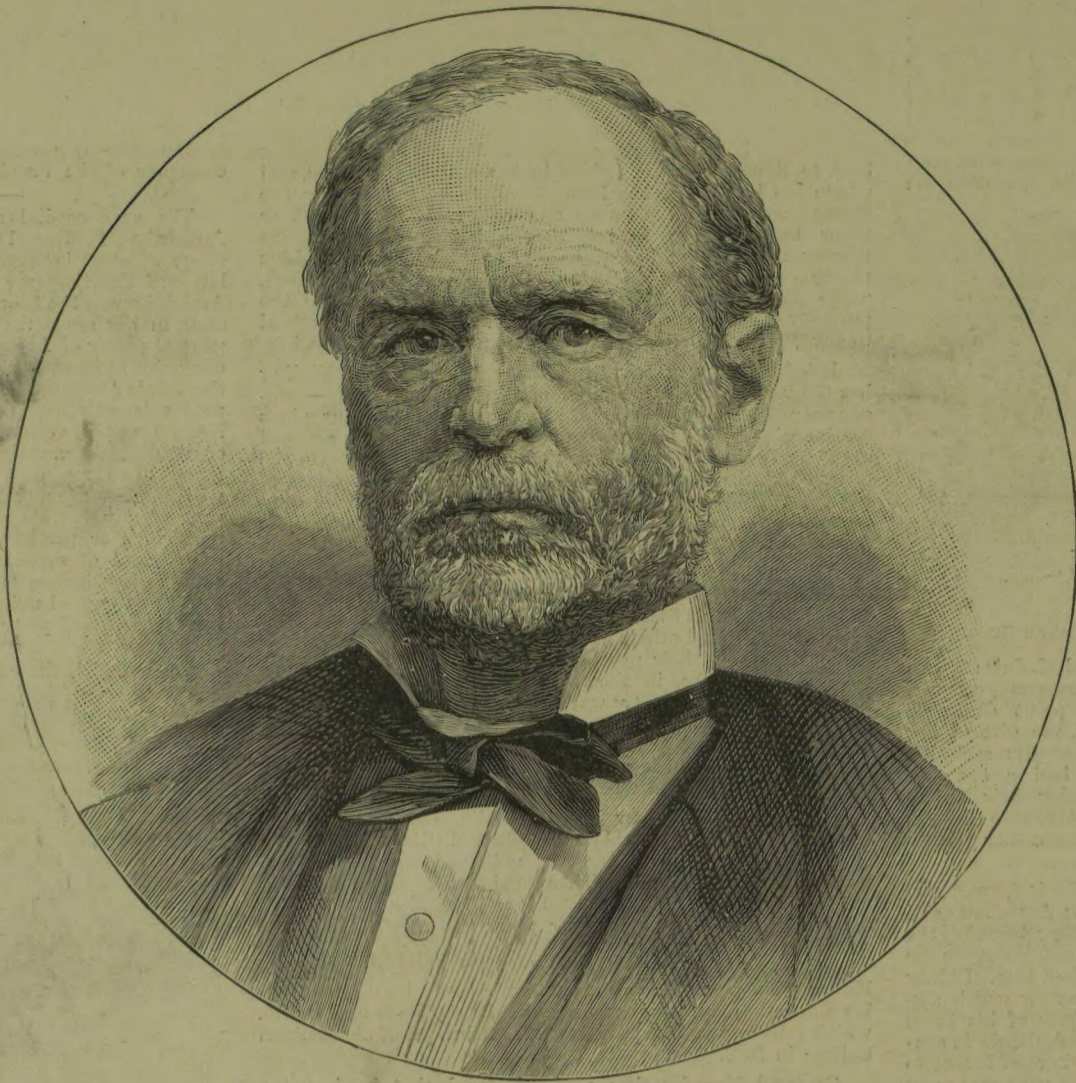
The proposed appointment of Mr. Justice Scott as Judicial Adviser to the Egyptian Government and President of the Committee for the Superintendence of the Native Tribunals has caused some irritation in France, the more so, perhaps, because Mr. Justice Scott will be empowered to attend the Council of Ministers, and will, therefore, rank as a member of the Egyptian Ministry, although having only a consultative voice whenever judicial questions are discussed. The French papers readily acknowledge the necessity for a judicial reform in Egypt, but contend that such a reform should be undertaken in concert with the other Powers interested in Egypt. They ask whether England's action in the matter is in accordance with her oft-repeated declarations that her occupation of Egypt is not to be permanent. It is said that Count d'Aubigny, the French Minister at Cairo, has had an interview with the Khedive on this subject, and this visit is much commented on in local political circles.

The Academy of Fine Arts has been much gratified by the letter of condolence on the death of Meissonier, which the German Emperor directed to be written and sent to M. Herbeté, the French Ambassador in Berlin. The letter was read at the last meeting of the Academy, when it was resolved to forward to the Emperor a letter of thanks.

We have not heard the last of "Thermidor," M. Sardou's most recent play, the production of which, at the Théâtre Français, was prohibited after two or three performances, on account of the disturbances to which it gave rise. M. Sardou, who, as far back as 1889, had signed an agreement with a German manager, Herr Blumenthal, for the production of his play in Berlin, has requested that gentleman to postpone the representations at least for a few months. Herr Blumenthal politely but firmly declined, whereupon M. Sardou has written to him threatening legal proceedings. Herr Blumenthal's reply to this last communication is not yet known.

# THE LATE GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, U.S.A.

In the four years' American Civil War, from April 1861 to April 1865, between the Federal Union, represented by Congress and by President Lincoln, supported by the Northern and Western States, and the Confederacy of Southern slave-holding States, which had proclaimed secession under Mr. Jefferson Davis, military skill at first seemed decidedly superior on the latter side. The ablest commanders then in the field were Southern officers of the Army, professionally educated at the West Point Academy, inspired, like General Lee, with a sentiment of simple loyalty to their native States; and it then appeared not unlikely that they would capture Washington before the Federal Army, ineffectively moving about the peninsula between the York River estuary and that of the James River, or on the line of the Chickahominy, could reach the defences of Richmond. General McClellan was a feeble, hesitating, procrastinating strategist, timid from an exaggerated care of his own personal reputation, and from a curious habit of over-estimating the amount of the enemy's forces. He was also disinclined to inflict a crushing blow on the Secessionists, because he was already influenced by political ambition, and hoped to supersede Mr. Lincoln in the Presidency through the favour of the Democratic Party, who clamoured for peace at any price. The proofs of this disposition on his part are abundantly furnished by Messrs. Hay and Nicolay in the complete and authentic history of Lincoln's Administration which was reviewed last week. In the meantime, while ill-managed campaigns in Virginia, and on the confines of Pennsylvania and Maryland, had wasted many thousands of brave men's lives and hundreds of millions of dollars without a symptom of approaching victory, two Western men, Ulysses Simpson Grant and William Tecumseh Sherman, both natives of Ohio, both pupils of West Point, one a Captain, the other a Lieutenant in the Mexican war, but since 1853 or 1854 employed in peaceful



THE LATE GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,  
COMMANDER OF THE UNITED STATES WESTERN ARMY IN 1864.

common business, Grant as a tanner, Sherman a bank manager and lawyer, had shown themselves possessed of true genius for the art of war. It was in Kentucky and Tennessee, and on that part of the Mississippi which is the highway from the Western States to the cotton-growing region, that Grant and Sherman, at first acting under the direction of General Halleck, proved their efficiency in the campaigns of 1862. Sherman had indeed commanded a brigade in Virginia the year before, and attained the rank of Major-

General in May 1862. In the month following, Grant was placed in chief command of the army in Tennessee, and Sherman faithfully served under him from that time, rendering him the greatest assistance at the siege of Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, in July 1863, and in the subsequent advance eastward through Tennessee to Georgia, fighting many of the stiffest battles of the war.

In May 1864, when General Grant, having been appointed to the supreme military command, was preparing to encounter Lee in Virginia, General Sherman, in whom Grant had the fullest confidence, and who invariably co-operated with Grant in the most soldierly spirit, invaded Georgia from Chattanooga, at the head of a fine army of 90,000 men. Driving before him the Confederate General Joseph Johnston, with frequent severe fighting in difficult positions, he captured the town of Atlanta on Sept. 1, held it as a secured military post, and on Nov. 15 began his famous march southward, with a force of 60,000, destroying the railways and the stores which could have been used by the enemy's army. In less than thirty days, marching three hundred miles, and doing his work so thoroughly as to cut the Southern Confederacy in two, Sherman reached the seaport town of Savannah, which surrendered a week later. In January 1865 he commenced his march northward, through South and North Carolina, pursuing Johnston, whom he defeated and compelled to surrender in April, within a few days of the capitulation of General Lee to Grant in Virginia. About the same time the

remaining troops of the Confederacy were forced to surrender in Tennessee, and the war finally ended. Grant and Sherman were hard hitters, and that is true mercy in warfare.

General Sherman held the highest Army command in the United States under the Presidency of General Grant. He visited Europe and India in 1871 and 1872, retired from the service in 1884, and has since lived at St. Louis, but died on Feb. 14, at New York, nearly seventy-one years of age. Next to Lincoln and Grant, it was Sherman who saved the Union.



ROYAL DOGS AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S BASSET-HOUNDS.



"AN INTERESTING STUDY."—BY H. VOGLER.  
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION, MUNICH.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

*As I spoke she grasped her dress, and with a bound gained the raft.*

## MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### ADRIFT.

It was necessary that we should have everything in readiness before we carried poor Captain Nielsen out of his cabin. I unshipped the gangway, and, watching an opportunity as the swell lifted the raft against the side of the barque stooping to it, I sprang, but I could not have imagined the weight and volume of the swell until I had gained the frail platform. Indeed, one could feel that the wrath kindled by the tempest still lived in the deep bosom of the ocean. It was like a stern, revengeful breathing; but the wind was light, and the water but delicately brushed, and it was easy to foresee that if no more wind blew the swell would have greatly flattened down by sunset. Yet the manner in which the hull and the raft came together terrified me with a notion of our contrivance going to pieces. I called to Helga, as she threw to me or handed the several parcels and articles we had collected upon the deck, that there was not a moment of time to waste—that we must get her father on to the raft without delay, and then, when I had hastily stowed the last of the things, I sprang aboard again, and was going straight to the Captain's berth, when I suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "First, how is he to be removed?"

She eyed me piteously. Perhaps her seamanship did not reach to that height; or maybe her fear that we should cause her father pain impaired her perception of what was to be done.

"Let me think now," said I. "It is certain that he must be lowered to the deck as he lies in his cot. Does he swing by hooks? I did not observe."

"Yes," she answered, "what you would call the clews come together to a point as in a hammock, and spread at the foot and head."

"Then there must be iron eyes in the upper deck," cried I, "to receive the hooks. Now see here: we shall have to get a sling at each end of the cot, attach a line to it, the ends of which we will pass through the eyes, and when this is done we will cut away the clews and so lower him. Yes, that will do," said I. "I have it," and, looking about me for such a thickness of rope as I needed, I overhauled some fathoms, passed my knife through the length, and together we hastened to the captain's berth.

"What is it now?" he asked, in a feeble voice, as we entered.

"Everything is ready, Captain Nielsen," said I: "there is no time to lose. The cargo is washing about in the hold, and the ship has not another hour of life left in her."

"What is it that you want?" said he, looking dully at the coil of rope I held in my hand.

"Father, we are here to carry you to the raft."

"To the raft!" he exclaimed, with an air of bewilderment, and then he added, while I noticed a little colour of temper enter his cheeks. "I have nothing to do with your raft. It was in your power to save the poor Anine. If she is to founder, I will go down with her."

So saying, he folded his arms upon his bosom in a posture of resolution, viewing me with all the severity his sickness would suffer his eyes to express. Nevertheless, there was a sort of silliness in the whole manner of him which might have persuaded the most heedless observer that the poor fellow was rapidly growing less and less responsible for his behaviour. Had he been a powerful man, or, indeed, possessed the use of his extremities, I should have dreaded what is termed a "scene." As it was, nothing remained but to treat him as a child, to tackle him, with all tenderness but as swiftly as possible, and to get him over the side.

There was a dreadful expression of distress in Helga's face when she looked at him; but her glances at me were very full of assurance that she was of my mind, and that she would approve and be with me in sympathy in whatever I resolved to do. Whipping out my knife, I cut lengths off the rope I held to make slings of. I carried one of these slings to the cot and passed it over the end. The captain extended his hand, and attempted to thrust me aside. The child-like weakness of that trembling push would, in a time of less wretchedness and peril than this, have unnerved me with pity.

"Bear with me! Be yourself, Captain! Show yourself the true Danish sailor that you are at heart—for Helga's sake!" I exclaimed.

He covered his eyes and sobbed.

I secured the slings to the cot, and, until we lowered him to the deck, he held his face hidden in his hands. I rove two lengths of line through the iron eyes at which the cot slung, in the manner I had described to Helga, and when the weight of the cot was on these lines we belayed one end, holding by the other. I then passed my knife through the "crow's-feet," as it would be called, or thin lines which supported the cot, and, going to the rope I had belayed, bade Helga lower her end as I lowered mine, and the cot descended safely to the deck. The girl then came round to the head of the cot, and together we dragged it out of the house on to the deck.

Saving a little wrench when we hauled the cot over the coaming of the deck-house door, the poor man was put to no pain. It was merciful indeed that he should have lain ill in the deck-house, for had he occupied a cabin below I cannot imagine how we should have got him out on to the deck without killing him with the anguish which we should have been forced by our efforts to cause him.

When we had got him to the gangway I sprang on to the raft and caught hold of the block that dangled at the extremity of the yardarm tackle. With this I returned to the barque.

and, just as we had got the raft over, so did we sway the poor captain on to her. I got on to the raft to receive him as Helga lowered the cot. He descended gently, and on my crying "Let go!" she swiftly released the line, and the tackle overhauled itself to the roll of the vessel.

I remember exclaiming "Thank God!" when this job was ended, and I had unhooked the block, as though the worst was over; and indeed, in the mere business of abandoning the barque, the worst had ended with the bestowal of the sick and helpless captain on the raft. But what was now to begin? My "Thank God!" seemed to sound like a piece of irony in my heart when I looked from the deep, wet, gleaming side of the leaning hull waving her wrecked spars in the reddening light of the sun—when I looked from her, I say, to seawards, where the flowing lines of the lifting and falling swell were running bald and foamless into the south-west sky.

Helga came to the gangway and called to know if all were well with her father.

"All is well," I answered. "Come now, Helga! There is nothing to detain us. We shall be wise to cast adrift from the barque. She is very much down by the head, and the next dip may be her last."

"A few minutes cannot signify," she cried. "There are one or two things I should like to bring with me. I wish to possess them, if we are preserved."

"Make haste, then!" I called. She disappeared, and I turned to the captain. He looked up at me out of his cot with eyes in which all the feverish fire of the morning was quenched.

"Is Helga remaining in the barque?" he asked, listlessly.

"God forbid!" cried I. "She will be with us in a minute or two."

"It is a cruel desertion," said he. "Poor Anine! You were to have been kept aloft!"

It was idle to reason with him. He was clothed as I had found him when I had first seen him—in a waistcoat and serge coat, and a shawl round his neck; but he was without a hat—a thing to be overlooked at such a time as this—and the lower part of him was protected only by the blankets he lay under. There was still time to supply his requirements. I had noticed his wideawake and a long cloak hanging in his berth, and I immediately sprang on board, rushed aft, procured them, and returned. Helga was still below. I put the hat on the captain's head and clasped the cloak over his shoulders, fretting over the girl's absence, for every minute was communicating a deadlier significance to the languid, sickly, dying motions of the fast-drowning hull.

I think about ten minutes had passed since she left the barque's side to go to her cabin, when, bringing my eyes away

from the sea, into whose eastern quarter I had been gazing with some wild hope or fancy in me of a sail down there—though it proved no more than a feather-tip of cloud—I saw Helga in the gangway. I say Helga, but for some moments I did not know her. I started and stared as if she had been a ghost. Instead of the boyish figure to which my sight was already used, there stood in the aperture, betwixt the bulwarks which we call the gangway, a girl who looked at least half a head taller than the Helga who had been my associate. I might have guessed at once that this appearance of stature in her was due to her gown, but, as I did not suspect that she had gone to change her dress, her suggestion of increased height completed the astonishment and perplexity with which I regarded her. She stood on the leaning and swaying side of the barque, as perfect a figure of a maiden as mortal eyes could wish to rest on. Her dress was of dark-blue serge that clung to her: she also wore a cloth jacket, thinly edged about the neck and where it buttoned with fur, and upon her head was a turban-shaped hat of sealskin, the dark glossy shade of which brightened her short hair into a complexion of the palest gold. She held a parcel in her hand, and called to me to take it from her. I did so, and cried—

"You will not be able to jump from the gangway. Get into the fore-chains, and I will endeavour to haul the raft up to you."

But even as I spoke she grasped her dress, and disclosed her little feet, and with a bound gained the raft as it rose with the swell, yielding on her knees as she struck the platform with the grace that nothing but the teaching of old ocean could have communicated to her limbs.

"Thank God you are here!" I cried, catching her by the hand. "I was growing uneasy—in another minute I should have sought you."

She faintly smiled, and then turned eagerly to her father. "I have mother's portrait," said she, pointing to the parcel, "and her bible. I would not bring away more. If we are to perish, they will go with us."

He looked at her with a lack-lustre eye, and in a low voice addressed a few words to her in Danish. She answered in that tongue, glancing down at her dress, and then at me, and added, in English, "It was time, father. The hard work is over. I may be a girl now," and looking along the sea she sighed bitterly.

Her father brought his knitted hands together to his brow, and never could I have imagined the like of the look of mental anguish that was on his face as he did this. But what I am here narrating did not occupy above a minute or two. Indeed, a longer delay than this was not to have been suffered if we desired the raft to hold together. I let go the line that held the little structure to the barque, and getting the small studsail-boat over—that is, the boom we had shipped to serve as a signal mast—I thrust with it, and Helga helping me, we got the raft clear of the side of the vessel. The leewardly swell on which we rode did the rest for us, and not a little rejoiced was I to find our miserable fabric gradually increasing its distance from the Anine; for if the barque foundered with us close alongside we stood to be swamped in the vortex, the raft scattered, and ourselves left to drown.

It now wanted about twenty minutes to sundown. A weak air still blew, but the few clouds that still lived in the heavens floated overhead apparently motionless; yet the swell continued large, to our sensations at least, upon that flat structure, and the slope of the platform rapidly grew so distressing and fatiguing to our limbs that we were glad to sit, and obtain what refreshment we could from a short rest.

Among the things we had brought with us was the bull's-eye lamp, together with a can of oil, a parcel of meshes, and some lucifer matches. I said to Helga—

"We should step or set up our mast before it grows dark."

"Why?" she inquired. "The flag we hoist will not be seen in the dark"—knowing that the mast was there for no other purpose than to display a flag on.

"But we ought to light the lamp and masthead it," said I, "and keep it burning all night—if God suffers us to live through the night. Who can tell what may come along?—what vessel invisible to us may perceive the light?"

She answered quickly, "Yes. Your judgment is clearer than mine. I will help you to set up the mast."

Her father again addressed her in Danish. She answered him, and then said to me, "My father asks why we are without a sail?"

"I thought of a sail," I replied, speaking as I set about to erect the mast, "but without wind it could not serve us, and with wind it would blow away like a cobweb. It would have occupied too much time to rig and securely provide for a sail. Besides, our hopes could never be in the direction of such a thing. We must be picked up—there is no other chance for us."

The captain made no response, but sat, propped upon his pillows, motionless, his eyes fixed upon the barque.

The sun had sunk, but a strong scarlet yet glowed in the western sky by the time we had erected and stayed the spar. I then lighted the lamp and ran it aloft by means of a line and a little block which I had taken care to throw into the raft. This finished, we seated ourselves.

There was now nothing more to be done but watch and pray. This was the most solemn and dreadful moment that had as yet entered into the passage of our fearful and astonishing experience. In the hurry and agitation of leaving the barque there had been scarcely room for pause. All that we could think of was how quickly to get away, how speedily to equip and launch the raft, how to get Captain Nielsen over, and the like; but all this was ended; we could now think, and I felt as if my heart had been suddenly crushed in me as I sat on the slanting falling and rising platform viewing the barque, that lay painted in clear black lines against the fast-dimming glow in the west.

Helga sat close against her father's cot. So far as I was able to distinguish her face, there was profound grief in it and a sort of dismay, but no fear. Her gaze was steady, and the expression of her mouth firm. Her father kept his eyes rooted upon his ship. I overheard her address him once or twice in Danish, but, getting no reply, she sighed heavily, and held her peace. I was too exhausted in body and spirits to desire to speak. I remember that I sat, or rather squatted, Lascar-fashion, upon the hatch-cover that somewhat raised the platform of the raft, with my hands clasped upon my shins and my chin on a level with my knees; and in this posture I continued for some time motionless, watching the Anine and waiting for her to sink, and realising our shocking situation to the degree of that heart-crushing sensation in me which I have mentioned. I was exactly clad as I had been when I boarded the barque out of the lifeboat. Never once, indeed, from the hour of my being in the vessel down to the present moment had I removed my oilskins, saving my sou'-wester, which I would take from my head when I entered the cabin; and I recollect thinking that it was better for me to be heavily than thinly clad, because, being a stout swimmer, a light dress would help me to a bitter long battle for life, whereas the clothes I had on must make the struggle brief and speedily drag me down into peace, which was, indeed, all that I could bring my mind to

dwell upon now, for, when I sent my glance from the raft to the darkling ocean, I felt hopeless.

The rusty hectic died out. The night came along in a clear dusk with a faint sighing of wind over the raft every time the swell threw her up. There was a silver curl of moon in the south-west, but she was without power to drop so much as a flake of her light into the dark shadow of water under her. Yet the starlight was in the gloom, and it was not so dark but that I could see Helga's face in a sort of glimmer, and the white outline of the cot and the configuration of the raft upon the water in dusky strokes.

The barque floated at about a cable's length distant from us, a dark mass, rolling in a strangling manner, as I might know by the sickly slide of the stars in the squares of her rigging and along the pallid lines of the canvas stowed upon her yards. There was more tenacity of life in her than I should have believed possible, and I said to Helga—

"If this raft were a boat, I would board the barque and set her on fire. She may float through the night, for who is to know but that one of her worst leaks may have got choked, and the blaze she would make might bring us help."

The captain uttered some exclamation in Danish in a small but vehement and shrill tone. He had not spoken for above an hour, and I had believed him sleeping or dying and speechless.

"What does he say?" I called across softly to Helga.

"That the Anine might have been saved had we stood by her," she answered, struggling, as I could hear by the tremor in her voice, to control her accents.

"No, no!" said I, almost gruffly, I fear, with the mood that was upon me of helplessness, despair, and the kind of rage that comes with perception that one is doomed to die like a rat, without a chance, without a soul of all those one loves knowing one's fate. "No, no!" I cried, "the Anine was not to be saved by us two, nor by twenty like us, Helga. You know that, for it is like making me responsible for our situation here to doubt it."

"I do not doubt it," she answered firmly and reproachfully.

Captain Nielsen muttered in his native tongue; but I did not inquire what he said, and the hush of the great ocean night, with its delicate threading of complaining wind, fell upon us.

My temper of despair was not to be soothed by recollection of this time yesterday, by perception of the visible evidence of God's mercy in this tranquillity of sky and sea at a time when, but for the change of weather, we had certainly been doomed. I was young; I passionately desired to live. Had death been the penalty of the life-boat attempt, I might, had time been granted me, contemplated my end with the fortitude that springs from the sense of having done well. But what was heroic in this business had disappeared out of it when the life-boat capsized and left me safe on board. It was now no more than a vile passage of prosaic shipwreck, with its attendant horror of lingering death, and nothing noble in what had been done, or that might yet have to be done, to prop up my spirits. Thus I sat full of wretchedness, and miserably thinking, mechanically eyeing the dusky heap of barque; then breaking away from my afflicting reverie, I stood up, holding by the mast, to carefully sweep the sea, with a prayer for the sight of the coloured gleams of a steamer's lights, since there was nothing to be expected in the way of sail in this calm that was upon the water.

I was thus occupied, when I was startled by a strange cry—I cannot describe it. It resembled the moan of a wild creature wounded to death, but with a human note in it that made the sound something not to be imagined. For an instant I believed it came from the sea, till I saw by the dim light of the star-shine the figure of Captain Nielsen, in a sitting posture, pointing with the whole length of his arm in the direction of his barque. I looked, and found the black mass of hull gone, and nothing showing but the dark lines of spars and rigging, that melted out upon my sight as I watched. A noise of rending, intermingled with the shock of an explosion, came from where she had disappeared. It signified no more than the blowing up of the decks as she sank; but the star-studded vastness of gloom made the sound appalling beyond language to convey.

"Help!" cried Helga. "My father is dying."

I gained the side of the cot in a stride and knelt by him, but there was no more to be seen of his face than the mere faint whiteness of it, and I could not tell whether his eyes were open or not. Imagining, but scarcely hoping, that a dram might put some life into the poor fellow, I lowered the bull's-eye lamp from the masthead to seek for one of the jars of spirits we had stowed, but when we came to put the tin pannikin to his lips we found his teeth set.

"He is not dead, Helga," I cried: "he is in a fit. If he were dead his jaw would drop," and this I supposed, though I knew little of death in those days.

I flashed the bull's-eye upon his face, and observed that though his eyes were open the pupils were upturned and hidden. This, with the whiteness of the skin and the emaciation of the lineaments, made a ghastly picture of his countenance, and the hysterical sob that Helga uttered as she looked made me grieve that I should have thrown the light upon her father.

I mastheaded the lamp again, and crouched by the side of the cot talking to Helga across the recumbent form in it. Who could remember what was said at such a time? I weakly essayed to cheer her, but soon gave up, for here was the very figure of Death himself lying between us, and there was death awaiting us in the black invisible folds in which we swung; and what had I to say that could help her heart at such a time? Occasionally I would stand erect and peer around. The weak wind that went moaning past us as the raft rose to the liquid heave had the chill in it of the ocean in October; and fearing that Helga's jacket did not sufficiently protect her, I pulled off my oilskin coat—there is no warmer covering for ordinary apparel—and induced her to put it on. Her father remained motionless, but by stooping my ear to his mouth I could catch the noise of his breathing as he hissed through his clenched teeth. Yet it was a sort of breathing that would make one expect to hear it die out in a final sigh at any minute.

I mixed a little spirit and water, and gave it to the girl, and obliged her to swallow the draught, and begged her to eat for the sake of the life and heart food would give her; but she said "No," and her frequent silent sobbing silenced me on that head, for how could one, grieving as she did, swallow food? I filled the pannikin for myself and emptied it, and ate a biscuit and a piece of cheese, which were near my hand in an interstice of the raft, and then lay down near the cot, supporting my head on my elbow. Never did the stars seem so high, so infinitely remote, as they seemed to me that night. I felt as though I had passed into another world that mocked the senses with a few dim semblances of things which a little while before had been real and familiar. The very paving of moon showed small as though looked at through an inverted telescope, and measurelessly remote. I do not know why this should have been, yet once afterwards, in speaking of this experience to a man who, in a voyage to

India, had fallen overboard on such another night as this and swam for three hours, he told me that the stars had seemed to him as to me, and the moon, which with him was nearly full, appeared to have shrunk to the size of the planet Venus.

After awhile the captain's breathing grew less harsh, and Helga asked me to bring the lamp that she might look at him. His teeth were no longer set, and his eyes as in nature, saving that there was no recognition in them, and I observed that he stared straight into the brilliant glass of magnified flame without winking or averting his gaze. I propped him up, and Helga put the pannikin to his lips, but the fluid ran from the corners of his mouth; upon which I let him rest upon his pillows, softly begging the girl to let God have His way with him.

"He cannot last through the night," she exclaimed, in a low voice; and the wonderful stillness upon the sea, unvexed by the delicate winnowing of the draught, gathered to my mood an extraordinary emphasis from my being able to hear her light utterances as distinctly as though she whispered in a sick room.

"You are prepared, Helga?" said I.

"No, no!" she cried, with a little sob. "Who can be prepared to lose one that is dearly loved? We believe we are prepared—we pray for strength; but the blow falls as though we were weak and unready. When he is gone, I shall be alone. And O! to die here!"

We sank into silence.

Another hour went by, and I believed I had fallen into a light, troubled doze, less sleepful than a waking daydream, when I heard my name pronounced, and instantly started up.

"What is it?" I cried.

"My father is asking for you," answered Helga.

I leaned over the cot and felt for his hand, which I took. It was of a death-like coldness, and moist.

"I am here, Captain Nielsen," said I.

"If God preserves you," he exclaimed, very faintly, "you will keep your word?"

"Be sure of it—be sure of it," I said, knowing that he referred to what had passed between us about Helga.

"I thank you," he whispered. "My sight seems dark, yet is not that the moon down there?"

"Yes, father," answered the girl.

"Helga," he said, "did you not tell me you had brought your mother's likeness with you?"

"It is with us, and her bible, father."

"Would to God I could look upon it," said he, "for the last time, Helga, for the last time!"

"Where is the parcel?" I asked.

"I have it close beside me," she answered.

"Open it, Helga!" said I. "The lamp will reveal the picture."

Again I lowered the bull's-eye from the masthead, and, while Helga held the picture before her father's face, I threw the light upon it. It was a little oil-painting in an oval gilt frame. I could distinguish no more than the face of a woman—a young face—with a crown of yellow hair upon her head. The sheen of the lamp lay faintly upon the profile of Helga. All else, saving the picture, was in darkness, and the girl looked like a vision upon the blackness past her, as she knelt with the portrait extended before her father's face.

He addressed her in weak and broken tones in Danish, then turned his head and slightly raised his arm, as though he wished to point to something up in the sky, but was without power of limb to do so. On this Helga withdrew the portrait, and I put down the lamp, first searching the dark line of ocean, now scintillant with stars, before sitting again.

As the moon sank, spite of her diffusing little or no light, a deeper dye seemed to come into the night. The shooting stars were plentiful, and betokened, as I might hope, continuance of fair weather. Here and there hovered a steam-coloured fragment of cloud. An aspect of almost summer serenity was upon the countenance of the sky, and, though there was the weight of the ocean in the swing of the swell, there was peace too in the regularity of its run and in the soundless motion of it as it took us, sloping the raft after the manner of a see-saw.

In a boat, aboard any other contrivance than this raft put together by inexpert hands, I must have felt grateful, deeply thankful to God indeed, for this sweet quietude of air and sea that had followed the roaring conflict of the long hours now passed. But I was without hope, and there can be no thankfulness without that emotion. These were the closing days of October; November was at hand; within an hour this sluggish breathing of air might be storming up into such another hurricane as we were fresh from. And what then? Why, it was impossible to fancy such a thing even, without one's spirits growing heavy as lead, without feeling the presence of death in the chill of the night air.

No! for this passage of calm, God forgive me! I could not feel grateful. The coward in me rose strong. I could not bless Heaven for what affected me as a brief pause before a dreadful end that this very quiet of the night was only to render more lingering and fuller, therefore, of suffering.

Captain Nielsen began to mutter. I did not need to listen to him for above a minute to gather that he was delirious. I could see the outline of Helga against the stars, bending over the cot. The thought of this heroic girl's distress, of her complicated anguish, rallied me, and I broke in a very passion of self-reproach from the degradation of my dejection. I drew to the cot, and Helga said—

"He is wandering in his mind." She added, with a note of wailing in her voice, "Jeg er nu alene! Jeg er nu alene!" by which she signified that she was now alone. I caught the meaning of the sentence from her pronunciation of it, and cried—

"Do not say you are alone, Helga! Besides, your father still lives—bark! what does he say?"

So far he had been babbling in Danish: now he spoke in English, in a strange voice that sounded as though proceeding from someone at a distance.

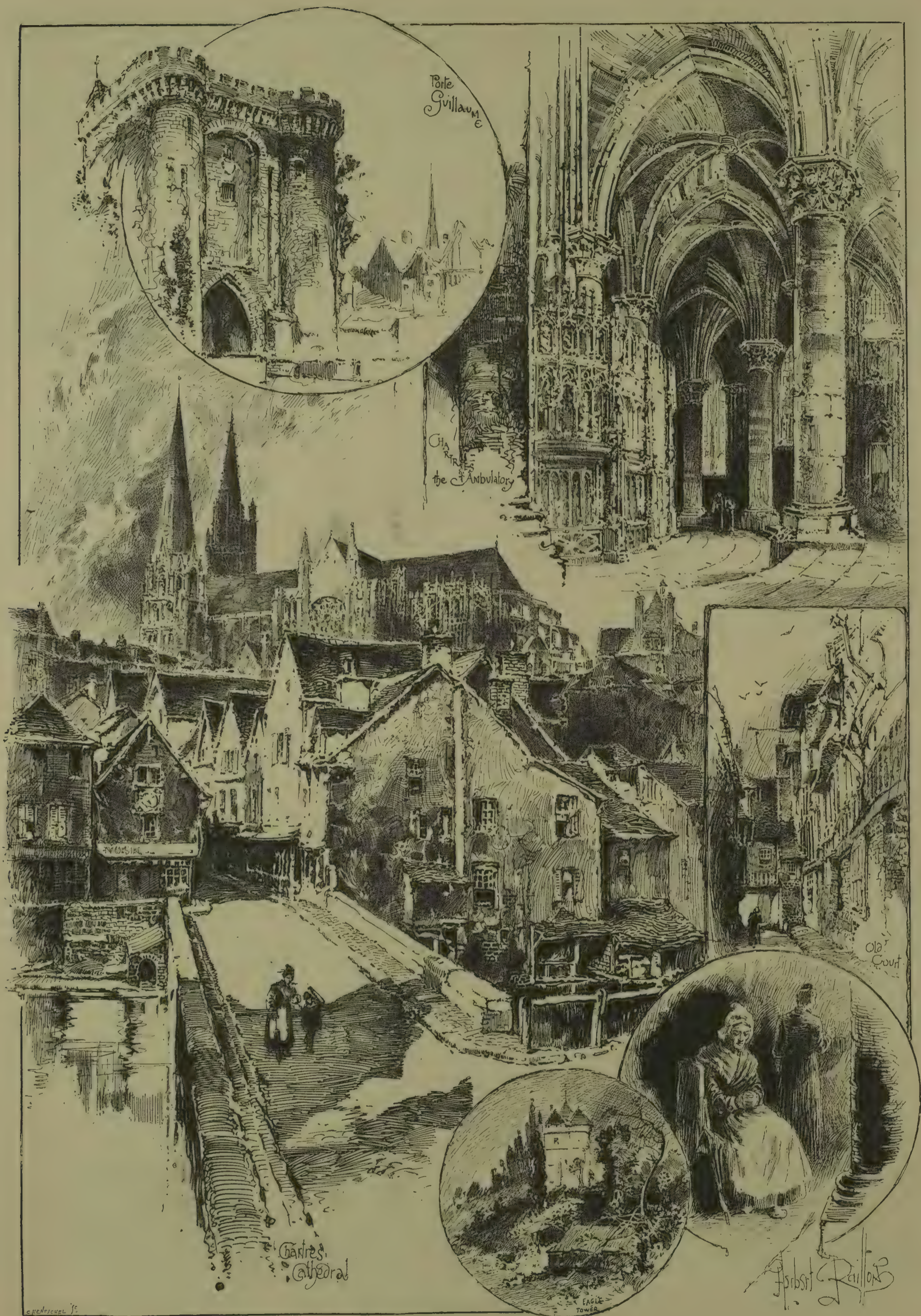
"It is so, you see. The storks did not return last spring. There was to be trouble—there was to be trouble! Ha! here is Pastor Madsen. Else, my beloved Else! here is the good Pastor Madsen. And there, too, is Rector Grønlund. Will he observe us? Else, he is deep in his book. Look!" he cried a little shrilly, pointing with a vehemence that startled me into following the indication of his shadowy glimmering hand directed into the darkness over the sea. "It is Kolding Latin School—nay, it is Rector Grønlund's parsonage garden. Ah, Rector, you remember me? This is the little Else that your good wife thought the prettiest child in Denmark. And this is Pastor Madsen."

He paused, then muttered in Danish, and fell silent.

(To be continued.)

Her Majesty has given directions that arrangements should be made for throwing open to the public, at an early date, the riverside promenade at the Tower of London on Saturdays and Sundays.

The governing body of Eton College have decided that the exhibition of relics in commemoration of the 450th anniversary of the foundation of the school shall be held on June 21.



RAMBLING SKETCHES: CHARTRES.



ENCAMPMENT OF TRAVELLING SHOWMEN.

## RAMBLING SKETCHES: CHARTRES.

The old capital of the fertile region of Beauce, famed by a Rabelaisian pun of "Beau-ce," the city of Chartres, now chief town of the Department of the Eure et Loire, is a great corn-market for one of the wealthiest agricultural districts of France. It is a place of much historical interest, and possesses, in its magnificent Cathedral, an architectural ornament scarcely surpassed by any Gothic edifice in Europe.

Built mainly in the thirteenth century, this vast Cathedral church, 422 ft. long, with a roof 112 ft. high, and with two spires of unequal altitude, one rising above 300 ft., is admired for the completeness, abundance, and perfectly characteristic style of its sculptured decorations. Its west front presents a noble portal of triple pointed arches, with figures of saints, prophets, and elders in the centre and above, those of the Virgin, and of Christ surrounded by angels, and with the signs of the Zodiac, and groups representing the agricultural labours of the twelve months. Still finer are the two side portals, north and south, which are triple projecting porticoes supported by clusters of pillars, and statues of a stately and imposing dignity guard the sides of the sacred building. The interior has a beautiful screen of exquisite Gothic tracery, which has been compared to lacework cut in stone; and more than a hundred windows are filled with the finest ancient stained glass, representing an immense variety of subjects, not only Biblical or religious, but also the different trades and crafts whose guilds bestowed money for the adornment of the church. It was in this cathedral, in 1594, that Henri IV. was crowned King of France, the city of Rheims being then occupied by his enemies, the Leaguers, during the Civil War.

The churches of St. Pierre and St. André are interesting examples of the transition from Romanesque to Gothic architecture in the twelfth century. The ancient city fortifications have been demolished, but the old gate called Porte Guillaume, which remains, is a picturesque monument of antiquity, and there are streets and courts with old-fashioned houses, which our Rambling Artist has sketched.

## VAN-TRAVELLING SHOWMEN.

There was a time—so the ethnologists and archaeologists tell us—when all our ancestors were vagabonds; how else did the nations of the Aryan race migrate from Central Asia—some now say it was only from Lithuania—to Western and Southern Europe? The days when we went gipsying were a long time ago; but heredity may have preserved, in some few of us civilised folk, the primitive relish for a wandering life. We read of the ancient Hamaxobii, the dwellers in wagons, who moved in quest of fresh pastures over the Scythian plains. So do the Boers of South Africa, with their teams of sturdy bullocks, traverse great distances, carrying their wives and children and household stores over the borders of the Transvaal. In rural England, not so much in the districts of strict agricultural economy, but on the skirts of wide moors and tracts still called forests—around Cannock Chase, for instance, and on the Somersetshire side of Exmoor—habitual nomads of this generation, who own no kindred to the gipsies, may now and then be found encamping on the edge of a copse or common. Some of them, who pass the whole summer in going a circuit of country fairs and yearly markets, are adventurous small tradesmen and handicraftsmen from provincial towns; basket-makers, brush-makers, dealers in cheap tin-ware or crockery, while others conduct the exhibition of popular shows, to be set up in a booth, or annexe to their wagon, on the village green. Few of these can rival the stately equipage of Mrs. Jarley, described by Dickens in "The Old Curiosity Shop." That kind-hearted lady, the "Only Jarley," whose waxwork effigies were patronised by Royalty, and the delight of the Nobility and Gentry, found room for Little Nell in a splendid "caravan," adorned with bright green and red panels, with a brass knocker, and with muslin curtains to protect the privacy of the portable home. We have seen, in rambling journeys on certain highways and byways of the West and North of England, smart and comfortable houses on wheels, the respectable owners of which might have a good balance at their bank, and might be substantial ratepayers and taxpayers in the towns whence they came. But there are various classes and degrees of summer wanderers encamping by the roadside: those whose picturesque assemblage has caught the eye of our artist seem to be of humbler pretensions, yet may be honest people in their own calling and way of life. It has recently been proposed, by special legislation, to put them all under public official supervision through the agency of the County Councils and police. The matter is worthy of consideration, but should not be dealt with by summary and indiscriminate measures, or without careful inquiry concerning the facts.

Mr. H. M. Stanley will sail for England on April 15. He describes himself as utterly worn out by the rush of his lecturing engagements in the United States.

The new Unionism has broken out in a somewhat unexpected direction. The Turkish harbour authorities at Constantinople have issued orders that in future steamers are not to be discharged save by dock-labourers belonging to the new trade guild—in point of fact, a new Dockers' Union, guaranteed and protected by the Sublime Porte.

The embalmed remains of Sir Richard Burton, the great traveller, and late her Majesty's Consul at Trieste, have been landed at Liverpool, where they were met by Lady Burton and other relatives of the deceased, and conveyed to Lime-street, to be dispatched to London via the North-Western Railway. The mourning party entered the same train. The remains were conveyed in a hearse from Euston Station to the Catholic Church at Mortlake, where they will lie in the crypt until the monument which is being raised by public subscription is ready to receive them, which will be about Easter, when the interment will take place.

Monarchs, and would-be monarchs, like British statesmen, seem inclined to accept the principle of Lord Rosebery's test examination for proficiency in the conduct of public affairs. India, Australia, Canada, and the Cape are every year becoming in an increasing degree the haunts of the British legislator on tour, and last year the Comte de Paris, the Duc d'Orléans, and the Duke of Connaught set Royalty a good example in the same direction. Now we learn that the young Czarevitch of All the Russias is expected to reach Canada from India in the spring, and next year the Shah of Persia intends to traverse India and North America.

The citizens of Peterborough have presented Dr. Perowne, Bishop of Worcester, with a handsome service of plate, specially designed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford-street, a library table, and an illuminated address, which acknowledged the good services rendered by his Lordship while Dean to the cathedral, the city, and all classes of the inhabitants, heartily congratulating him on his preferment, and assuring him that his catholicity of spirit had won for him the respect and esteem of Churchmen and Nonconformists alike. The Mayor made the presentation, and the Marquis of Exeter and clergymen, Nonconformist ministers, and laymen spoke of the affection for his Lordship on all sides.

## BORDER MEMORIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The traditions of the Border have been gleaned and gleaned again for two generations with so much assiduity that we might expect every ear to have been garnered. Certainly the late harvester will now find very scant handfuls; all the legends, almost, and the ballads have been swept into volumes and notes of antiquaries. Except for a few memories of Bloody Claverhouse, they scarce survive at all in popular recollection. But one recently built storehouse of Border lore is very little known, and from that I propose to select a few pleasing details of life and death as they were before railways and coaches brought tourists into Ettrick, Yarrow, and Liddesdale, before Tushielaw had a daily postal service. The collection which I wish to use is *The Border Counties Magazine*, which was published at Galashiels in 1880-1, and then died a natural death, much regretted by the few who care for the past.

Let us first, as Treasure-Hunting is in fashion, take the story of a Border Treasure, still unexcavated.

There is, on Ettrick, about three miles above the town of Selkirk, a square Border keep, called Oakwood Tower. It is of the usual sort, with only one room on each floor, with a narrow winding staircase, and with curious old stone chimney-pieces. This keep, which stands on a hill above the river, is said once to have been the home of Michael Scott of Balweary, the wizard. Here he was living when he had his quarrel with the Witch of Fauldshepe, and when he cleft Eildon Hill in three. A little way lower down the Ettrick is Oakwood Mill. The mill meadow, some sixty years ago, was a peat moss. In this moss, at that date, a boy named William Murray was helping a woman to cut peat for fuel. William's "flaughter," a kind of spade, struck on a large stone slab, above the peat. He and the woman succeeded in turning over the stone, and the second or third cut of the flaughter after that turned up a treasure of some hundreds of silver coins. According to the story, some fragments of rusty Roman armour and a few bones were also found. The coins were claimed, it is said, by the laird, the Lord Polwarth of that day, and this rankled in the breast of the boy, William Murray. He determined to hunt for more treasure, and, if he found it, to keep his own counsel. He investigated quite in the correct way; that is, he probed the peat moss with a long iron rod, till he struck on a second slab, about fifty yards west of the former. William said nothing to anybody, but went alone at night, and tried to lift the stone. It was deeply engraved with an inscription, which, of course, he could not read. Nor had he the strength to roll away the stone. He covered it up again, and took its bearings: it was in a line between two old trees, on the north and south of the moss. Years passed, and William took another lad into his confidence, who narrates the story but does not give his name. But the other boy was lazy; he kept putting off the delightful toil of raising the stone, finally he went into service at a distance of fifteen miles from Oakwood. When he had trudged homewards over those moorland miles, he had no heart for another trudge and a treasure-hunt. William went to Australia, where he died—the inscribed stone was never lifted by him. His friend says that he told the late Lord Polwarth the story, at Mertoun House, and that Lord Polwarth surmised that the stone might cover the grave of a Roman soldier. But nothing was ever done. The moss has been drained, but I never heard—and I would be likely to have heard of it—that any inscribed stone was then discovered. So the Roman treasure is still to seek, or perhaps to find, or, if not the treasure, at least some other relics of archaeological interest. Roman remains are scanty in the district, though a Roman road runs near the Eildon Hills.

After treasure, a ghost is in place. The same correspondent, "C," as he signs himself, is responsible for "The Spectre seen at the Bishop's Stone." It is an excellent story, but its excellence chiefly lies in the manner of the telling. "C." was walking, in 1831, from Denholme to the Ettrick. He passed the Bishop's Stone, "an eerie place," and had occasion to call on old Jamie Murray, the miller. He led Jamie on to the story of what he saw at the Bishop's Stone. The old man began by saying that he was "no superstitious," and that in all his life he had seen no other "strange sight." With Northern reticence, he did not even tell the tale to his wife till he had been married for some years. He was very ill, and "bedfast for some days," after seeing the bogle; but he held his peace about it. "Auld Anderson o' Selkirk, this ane's father, was at me, but coodna mak' oot ma case, and aw never made him ony the wiser aboot what began my trouble." Here I smell a discrepancy in dates. In 1831 "auld Anderson," whom I remember as a child, could not have been spoken of as "this ane's father"—"this ane" clearly being the late Dr. Anderson, much respected on the Border, who died a year or two ago. But perhaps there were three generations, at least, of these Asclepiads. The fright, at all events, made Jamie Murray "a better man after, and whae kens but in the merciful providence of the Almichty it was sent for that purpose?"

Jamie Murray had been "courting" his future wife at Headshaw, a very lonely farm on a height above the Ail. About eleven o'clock at night he set out over the moor to Ettrick, and thought he would take the short cut by the stone which commemorated the murder of "a Popish priest or Bishop." He stooped to take a thorn out of his shoe, and, when he rose, "There was a man walking afore me wi' a dowg at his fit." Jamie called to the man, "Tak' time, and I will gie ye my company"; but the man walked on in the direction of a knoll that rises sharp from the flat of the moor. Thinking now that the man was "ane of the gentry folk, that dinna care to speak to the like o' me," Jamie kept his distance in the moonlight some fifty yards. As the man climbed the hill, Jamie saw that "if this was ane o' oor gentry he had then a dress that aw never saw either afore or sin' syne," and then, first, "there did come ower me a kind o' eerie feeling." The dress was a kind of minister's cloak, with something white that waved beneath it; "he had a kind o' bonnet, turned up at the edges," he carried a staff, "wi' a big turned head that the mune glenced on." Probably a crozier. "Just as he stude on the tap, aw got a glimpse o' his face, an' it was wan, and he was reading a buik that he keptit looking down on, as he slowly sank on the ither side o' the brae. In less than three minutes after his head disappeared, aw made the tap mase!, and lookit aw round. Naething was to be seen. There was na sae much as a bush of rushes to hide him. Ma hair raised the bonnet on ma head, and aw ran back, in mortal terror, a' the road hame." Jamie dismissed all explanations of shadows, for the midnight sky was cloudless, and the moon threw his own shadow on his right hand. He had only taken one dram of whisky—"that wadna effek ony man. Had aw been drinkin', aw wad afterwards hae laid that to that, and thocht nae mair aboot it, but aw was perfectly sober, an' thocht on anything but ghaists; and this ane was sae near that aw saw every wrinkle in his dress." This is the story of the Spectre of the Bishop's Stone. Unluckily, I neither know the stone nor have I at hand Mr. Craig Brown's "History of the Forest," to discover what tradition may say about the

Bishop. But, granting the episcopal apparition, breviary and all, what are we to say about the Bishop's dog?

There is only room for one more Border memory—the story of the Dead Bride.

David Tweedie, farmer in Gala, had a daughter Mary, betrothed to William Ramsay. At the age of twenty-two, Mary fell ill and died. William went to help to watch the corpse. He and Mary's mother sat in the room alone, near the fire, for the day was very cold. There came a noise from the bed. The corpse was sitting up in its dead-clothes. The mother fainted. William ran and threw a pair of blankets round his bride, that she might not see herself in her dead-clothes. He then unbound her face and bade her lie down. Mary spoke: "William, is that you? What has been the matter with me? I am starving with cold. I was lying in some dark and ugly place, and now you have come to relieve me. I'll never forget your goodness."

Where had she been?

The girl recovered, but they could not remove her grave-clothes without her knowledge. Mary married William, bore him five children, "scarcely ever laughed, was never angry, lived piously and peacefully, and, at an advanced age, again went to her own place."

The tradition says that Lazarus, being told that he must return whence he had arisen, never smiled again.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Teignmouth Shore is to resign the incumbency of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, and to confine himself to his work at Worcester. This will be regretted by old and young in the West-End, and assuredly not least by the latter; for Canon Shore was one of the comparatively few clergymen who excel as preachers to children, and his afternoon services for them were attended by large congregations, which included representatives of the first families in England. A selection from the charming addresses delivered on these occasions was published, some years ago, by Messrs. Cassell, and had a wide circulation.

Canon Shore has for some time been withdrawing himself from literary work. He served Messrs. Cassell to excellent purpose for years, and proved himself not only an able theologian but a versatile writer and a critic of keen perception. But the Church in these days is a jealous mistress. Pluralities are not in favour, and cathedral dignitaries are looked to for a most punctual performance of duties which, though not in themselves fatiguing, break up the day in a manner which students, at least, find disconcerting. And they are expected to do work in the diocese besides. With two such men as Teignmouth Shore and Knox Little, Worcester (Mrs. Henry Wood's "Holstonleigh") must be considered fortunate.

The new Copyright Bill, if carried, will specially affect popular clergymen. Hitherto it has been expressly provided that clergymen of the Church of England have no copyright in their sermons. Accordingly, men like Liddon and Farrar have been reported regularly in the religious journals, and some times against their will. When Archdeacon Farrar preached in Westminster Abbey his famous discourses on Eternal Punishment, they were published by a penny weekly, and had a very large circulation. Dr. Farrar would have preferred to have no audience beyond the Abbey; but the commotion raised by the reports was so great that, in self-defence, he issued the sermons with explanations in the well-known volume "Eternal Hope." Under the proposed legislation this would be impossible, and all public speakers would have the right to prevent reports of their speeches, and to select the journals in which reports should appear.

Preaching at the Foundling the other week, the Rev. A. R. Buckland, the able editor of the *Record*, referred to the conspicuous talent day by day placed at the service of the Church. It was once said that county squires and others sent the fool of the family to take Holy Orders in the Church. That day had gone by. The fool of the family to-day might quite possibly be led to find himself unemployed at the end of ten or fifteen years of a curate's life.

The "grandfather of the Ritualists" is dead. Dr. Bloxam, of Upper Beeding, in Sussex, succeeded Isaac Williams as Newman's curate at Littlemore, and gave such attention to the accessories of worship that Lord Blachford—no bad judge—gave him his curious appellation. To the end of his long life he was profoundly loyal to old friendships, and desired to be buried in a surplice which had been worn by Newman, Pusey, and Keble, and which he counted the most precious of his many relics.

The Bishop of Manchester's second sermon at Cambridge was quite as frank as the first. He declared that the question of the age and authorship of any passage in the Old Testament was never either started by our Lord Himself or raised by His opponents. The sermon has a place of prominence in the *Guardian*, which has endeavoured to be a mediator in this dispute, allowing both Professor Stanley Leathes and Canon Driver to express themselves in its literary department. The powerful if somewhat qualified support of Dr. Bright was probably more valued by the author of "Lux Mundi" than that of any other ally he has found.

The Wesleyans have completed an excellent and elaborate programme for the centenary celebration of John Wesley's death. Archdeacon Farrar will represent the Church of England, and Presbyterians (from Scotland), Baptists, Congregationalists, and others will take part. The Salvation Army does not seem to be represented. Mr. Price Hughes is writing an article on the subject for the *Nineteenth Century*, and Dr. Rigg has prepared a volume.

Part of the library of the eminent Cornish ecclesiastic and antiquary, Mr. W. Maskell, is to be sold. It is sure to include some works of extreme rarity. One of the items is a set of Mr. Maskell's own publications, printed on vellum, and unique. One other is a little book on Robert Stephen Hawker, the Vicar of Morwenslow, whom Mr. Maskell knew intimately. It is exceedingly rare; and, in lending me a copy some years ago, Mr. Maskell said it was the only one in his possession.

The Anglo-French dispute respecting French claims to a section of the Newfoundland coast has made us all familiar with the Newfoundland lobster and the puzzling question, "Is the lobster a fish?" It is, therefore, of general interest to note, on the authority of the Newfoundland Superintendent of Fisheries, that if left to itself the Newfoundland lobster fishery would be extinct in five years. The lobster is, it seems, an animal of such slow growth—the superintendent says it takes from six to seven years for it to reach ten inches—that the annual catch far outruns the natural increase of the species. Happily, the Newfoundland authorities have stepped in, and are now energetically undertaking the artificial propagation of lobsters. Last season's operations resulted in no fewer than 480,000,000 young lobsters being hatched in the thirteen stations and planted out in the waters of the colony. There are thirty-six floating incubators at each station.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

It was the lifelong wish of the late Sir Percy Shelley to erect a monument to his father in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome. Death came to him, however, with the dream unfulfilled. Its successful accomplishment has been the ambition of Lady Shelley's declining years. She long since commissioned Mr. Onslow Ford to design a monument, and the result is certain to prove one of the greatest attractions of the forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition. The figure of the dead poet, in white marble, is represented at full length, supported by bronze lions and the attendant Muse. It is expected that the monument will replace the well-known "cor cordium" slab at the end of the present year.

The versatility of some of our novelists is amazing. Here is a gentleman who announces in the *Athenæum* that, as "the author of more than one successful book of adventure," he "wishes to meet with offers for a New Novel treating of Theism or Natural Religion." Why success in stories of adventure should be a credential for a book on Theism is not quite apparent. But "the story is written in popular style, and the adventurous parts of the book deal with a country with which the writer is practically familiar." So, if you do not like the Theism, you can fall back on the hairbreadth escapes; and if these do not interest you, there is plenty of natural religion. This style of comprehensive composition is likely to spread, until we read that the author of several successful stories of the stage is ready to receive offers for a romance dealing with the lives of actresses and the latest developments of esoteric philosophy.

Will Mrs. Richmond Ritchie consent to break through her self-imposed obligation to countenance no biography of Thackeray? She has already made this position practically untenable, first by giving much-appreciated assistance to writers who have struggled with fragmentary and imperfect accounts of her father's life; secondly, by articles from her own pen, notably the account in *Macmillan's* of the evening with Charlotte Brontë when Thackeray, bored to death, fled to his club. After this, why not give us a complete life of the man of whom we have these distracting glimpses? Thackeray hated adulation, and, speaking of some fulsome biography which came under his notice, he once said, "Let there be no nonsense of this sort about me." But to construe this as a stern injunction against all biography whatever of himself is an illogical attitude, which, as we have seen, cannot be maintained.

Meissonier left interesting and voluminous memoirs, from which he was wont, when in a genial mood, to read extracts to his family and immediate circle of friends. His son, Charles Meissonier, to whom full discretion was left, has not yet made up his mind as to their publication, although the *Figaro* began negotiations the very evening of the great painter's death. The "Souvenirs," it seems, are purely political and personal, containing little or no reference to his work. They will form interesting reading, if only for the light thrown by them on the Italian Campaign of '58, when Meissonier, who had obtained the rather strange post of *Peintre de l'Armée*, was treated with complete unreserve and intimacy by the Emperor and his Staff. "Napoleon III. à Solferino" contains the portrait of the artist himself. By-the-bye, the best *croquis* of Meissonier ever done is in Detaille's Boulevard picture "Le Regiment qui Passe."

The Vicomtesse de Martel ("Gyp") has just completed her first real novel, as opposed to the witty sketches of modern French society which have made her famous. The incident round which "Un Raté" revolves was suggested to her by the Algerian Champigne *cause célèbre*, which apparently started the series of sentimental crimes, as someone has aptly described them. "Un Raté," now a feuilleton, will appear in volume form early in April, and will contain a psychological preface by Paul Bourget.

Madame Léon Daudet ("Peachblossom" Hugo) will have a unique library. Every French literary celebrity has presented to her an autographed collection of his or her works. Victor Hugo and Emile Augier always gave the brides of their acquaintance this acceptable form of wedding present. *Par parenthèse*, Ernest Daudet, the brother of the novelist, is giving up the part editorship of *Le Petit Moniteur*, owing to a difference of opinion with the proprietors, who wish to make the paper a directly inspired Governmental organ.

Among all the literary and other revivals pertaining to the eighteenth century none are now stronger than the reputation of Dr. Johnson. In his lifetime and among the men who knew him, and who after his death kept up the tradition of his authority, Johnson was a literary dictator and a great moralist. Thackeray was quite right when he represented the "great lexicographer" as a hero, not merely in the time of "The Virginians" (about the last ten years of Johnson's life), but in the second decade of this century, when Miss Sharpe was at Miss Pinkerton's Academy. But, as Johnson says—

New forms arise and different views engage,

and the romantic revival of the early part of this century, the impatient disdain of all that was classical, "eclipsed the gaiety," not "of nations" (as Johnson said on a memorable occasion), but of all those who clung to eighteenth-century ideas. The men who had "Johnsonised the land" died out. Utilitarian philosophers, poets who cried "back to nature," and novelists who loved mediæval story taught the first two generations of this century other things. As the greatest of those poets sang—

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

This also endured but for a season, and now, for ten or fifteen years past, we seem to be more and more closely studying the eighteenth century. Yet even its greatest poet, Pope, has not received more notice than Samuel Johnson.

This is, after all, as it should be. Matthew Arnold did not overstate the case when, nearly ten years ago, he wrote that Johnson was the "greatest power in English letters in the eighteenth century." Since then many men have been again "Johnsonising" the land. There have been at least three fine editions of Boswell's immortal "Life," and even a penny "Boswell." Several of Johnson's works have been re-edited. There has been a Johnson Exhibition (1890), and, in the mis-called Guelph Exhibition, portraits and relics of Johnson are just now abundant. There is also a very flourishing "Johnson Club," of which Dr. G. B. Hill (the most learned editor of Boswell) is now president; and the walks and talks of Johnson are the subjects of books of all sorts, from the grand illustrated work just out on his Scotch travels ("In the Footsteps of Dr. Johnson") to a threepenny edition of his "Table Talk."

## CARNIVAL-KEEPING IN COLOGNE.

Figure to yourself the typical British family, descending upon Cologne in Carnival time, unaware of any special occasion for flutter in the place beyond, of course, their own arrival. To most English travellers Cologne is merely the doorway into Germany, to be compassed by British pluck and endurance in a day's journey from Victoria. It has a cathedral, and there is eau-de-cologne to be bought rather cheaper than in England, if you can manage to pack it out of sight, and there are some hazy legends hanging like musty incense round its innumerable tiresome string of old churches. So much the intelligent English family knows, but of the Cologne *Faschingszeit* they have never so much as heard. "We don't have this sort of thing at home, you know," ought to be quite sufficient to put any foreign institution—no matter of what age or importance—in its right place. Unluckily, Prinz Carnival, the annual Royal Phoenix of Foolishness, counts too long a descent to be treated thus, as one finds to one's cost should one run the risk of a sojourn at the hotel, which has been turned for the nonce into Prince Carnival's Palace. For to arrive late at night at a first-class hotel—an hotel where British worth and weight is generally recognised as it should be—and to find the place in the hands of a rabble rant of Masks, for Sir John to be taken possession of by Incognita in a silver veil, while a Pierrot tickles my lady's nose with a peacock's feather; for "Mees," their daughter, to receive a well—"By George! Sir, a most unwarrantable liberty!"—on the back of her neck from a flying Lothario in a yellow foolscap, while even Parker, the lady's-maid, is not respected as a British institution of some years' standing, but is whirled off her feet in a mad gallopade with a Chinaman!—are not these things enough to rouse the lion and plunge the shameless Continent in a richly deserved war?

But in spite of it all, and regardless of international consequences, Cologne, Prinz Carnival's *liebster Ort*, has held



CAR OF PRINZ CARNIVAL AT COLOGNE.

her yearly festival, in clear frosty sunshine and under a cloudless turquoise sky. During four days and nights *Köln'sches Volk* have kept holiday, and, like the shy man grown bold, have surpassed themselves in the abandon of this ridiculous, childish, but harmless amusement. The Archbishop's protest against Carnival extravagance has fallen on idle ears, for *die schöne Faschingszeit* and its observances is a passion in the blood of these Rhinelanders, and it is not the first time that they have seen fit to disobey their Primate. In the old times the Church used Carnival rather as a means to the due regarding of Lent; in the sixteenth century its attractions proved a powerful auxiliary against Luther's new-fangled heresy, which promised no such diversions to its followers. After the wars at the beginning of the present century it was again revived, and its historical and traditional observances collected and arranged upon a plan which has been followed—as it was this year—for more than three quarters of a century. And as long as these sturdy *Köln'schen Boorn* and *Jungfrauen* retain their individuality, so long will Prinz Carnival come yearly to his capital, with drum-beating, squeaking of masks, and popping of champagne corks, and his loyal subjects will pawn their very beds to receive him in proper style.

This is probably the reason of the Archbishop's objections, for the festival leaves empty pockets behind it; but it is the event of the year, and the pawn-shop is a handy institution, as three English Kings, who temporarily deposited their regalia in Cologne, could testify. It is a family affair, too, for our Rhinelanders are a proud "Haus Vater," and like nothing better than dragging his whole family out with him for the day's enjoyment; and, while this is so, the bad results of the Carnival will not exceed a few thousand headaches on Ash Wednesday morning, with the necessity of working a bit perseveringly (distasteful, this, to our easy-going Rhenish friend) to make up for lost time.

The Procession of *Rosen-Montag* has this year gained especially, by the recent rapid growth of the town both in size and in political and industrial importance. Each of the *Carnival-Gesellschaften* had prepared a car to illustrate or ridicule some event of local importance, and the procession which wound its way through the narrow streets did some very gracious fooling at the expense of public affairs, which are never the worse for having a little fun made of them. The old "Funken" Guard of Honour survives from the traditions of Archiepiscopal times, when the mercenaries of the Primate were the sworn foes of the townspeople, whom they had to keep in order. Behind them came Emin Pasha on his camel, attended by such Africans as are presumably kept in stock by the *Deutsche Colonial Gesellschaft*—Buffalo

Bill, who as *Bouffe-Wilhelm* was a *succès fou* here last summer, galloped past, surrounded by a mixed multitude of cowboys and braves, and followed by the car of the typical *Köln'scher Bauer* and *Jungfrau* in the mediæval costume which their forerunners may have worn before the "grievous apostasy of Martin Luther." There was a car of the Pfalz, with towers and pepperpots that recalled Albert Dürer's pictures; there was a gigantic pot of Liebig's Beef Extract, with a friendly bull nodding and waving his hoofs from the lid; the *Heiligen Mädchen* danced after Dr. Koch's triumphal chariot, as if St. Ursula had never inveighed them all to martyrdom; and high above the crowd, from his bouquet-shaped throne, Prinz Carnival rained flowers and bonbons and royal nonsense on his faithful followers.

A German crowd is seldom picturesque—there is something ungainly in its lines which do not lend themselves easily to the naturally effective grouping observable at an Italian festival, but to English eyes it has a charm that no other can rival. The people of a German *Folkstest* are the people of our childhood's picture-books: the long, lean man in the high cap is one of Grimm's "Waits of Bremen"; the roundabout sportsman, with the strap across his shoulder, is the "Man who went to Shoot the Hare"; that *Mädel*, with plaited hair and moonface, is "Clever Alice"; those children are our play-mates out of *Struelpeter*.

I do not know how the British family took it all. Last night, at the Café Palant, I saw their son and heir, and, judging by the way in which he was "carrying on," if I may use a familiar but expressive term, with a young lady in a pink domino, himself having donned a fez and an electrically lighted nose, I should say he had completely divested himself of insular prejudice, and had also possibly parted company for the time being from the parental party. The long coffee-room comes before me like a vision of light and colour and laughter. There are pretty faces and hideous masks, unprovoked nonsense and pert rejoinder, the squeak of the Pierrot, the chorus of "Nach Hause," the clink of many glasses. But over it all spreads the clear sunshine of simple, hearty enjoyment—the good-nature has been unclouded throughout, the fun leaves no sting behind—it is like the coloured mottoes and paper bouquets of Prinz Carnival, that fall lightly, and leave no stain.

To-day the sober, working population is going about its business as usual: busy men and anxious housewives are back at their post, the children have returned to school, the shops have packed away their Carnival finery. A good many have been early to Santa Maria im Kapitol, and have the little Ash Wednesday cross of ashes on their foreheads. The working year has begun again, in which crosses are many, and bouquets do not rain from the skies very frequently. I met Prinz Carnival just now in a shooting-coat, and had to look a second time at his portrait in ermine and crimson before I could be quite sure it was really his late *Tollität*. And for us it is literally "Nach Hause," for Carnival in Cologne is over.

G. B. S.

## THE DESTINY OF CANADA.

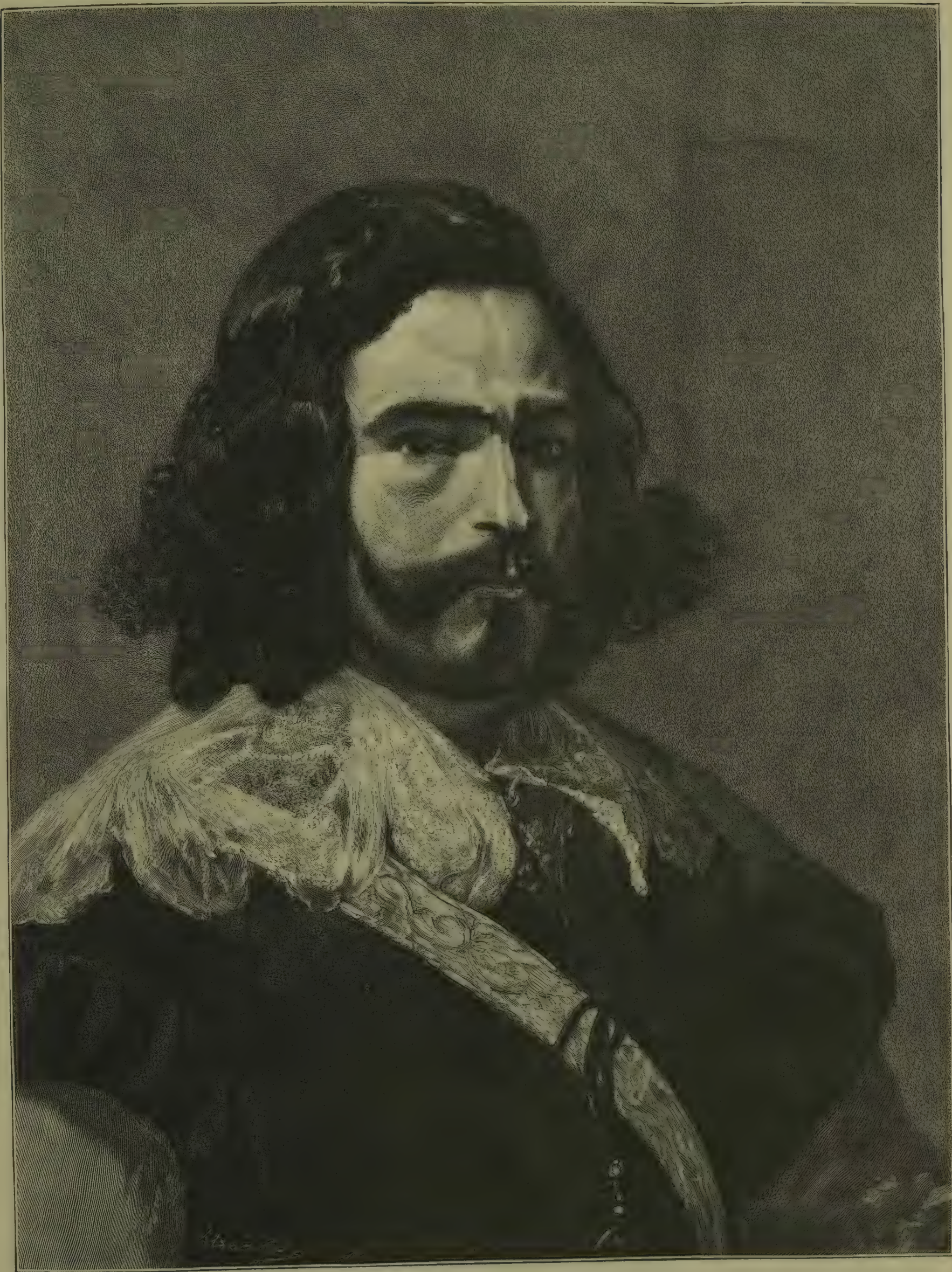
The general election which is now taking place in Canada has an interest beyond the area of the Dominion. The result will be anxiously awaited in all quarters of the British Empire, and among all sections of the English-speaking people. For the first time, an election will affect the destiny of the Dominion. Whether Canada is to remain an integral part of the British nation, under whose protection she has prospered, extended, and developed, or whether she will assume an attitude of commercial dependency on the United States, which might, sooner or later, lead to annexation, seems to be the issue put before the electors. Sir John Macdonald, the veteran statesman who has directed the affairs of Canada without interruption for the last thirteen years, has laid down the conditions under which he, in his seventy-sixth year, enters upon this contest. An Imperialist to the backbone, who has always desired to bind Canada closer to the mother country, Sir John announces that he will do nothing which will imperil the British connection, and, while anxious to develop the natural resources of Canada, will resist any attempt to join the United States in a commercial policy detrimental to British interests. The Liberals, on the other hand, while professing loyalty to the British Crown, advocate "unrestricted reciprocity" with the United States.

Politically speaking, modern Canada dates from the Confederation in 1867. Since that time Sir John Macdonald has been in power continuously, with the exception of five years between 1873 and 1878, when the Liberals were in office. He is, therefore, by a long way the most powerful and the leading personality in the Dominion. Sir John is a native of Scotland, and was born in 1815. His father emigrated to Canada, and settled in Kingston, Ontario, when the future statesman was in childhood. Before 1838 he had earned a reputation as a lawyer. His rise had been rapid, and the same fortune attended him in public life. He was elected to the Canadian Parliament in 1844. Three years later he became a member of the Cabinet. He took a prominent part in the agitation for the confederation of the Canadian provinces, and when that was accomplished, in 1867, he was returned to power under the new constitution. He was defeated in 1873; and, on returning to office five years later, inaugurated the protective policy for Canadian industries, which up to now he has maintained. One of his great achievements has been the building of the Canadian Pacific, which completed what the Confederation began—linked the detached provinces of the Dominion together, and gave Great Britain an Imperial highway round the globe. Sir John's legislative work extends over many years, and includes a vast amount of work for the public good and for the development of the Dominion. He has covered the country with a network of railways, built harbours, constructed canals, established direct steam mail communication with the mother country, remodelled the criminal laws, promoted public instruction, reorganised the militia, extended the municipal system, improved the Civil Service, passed a stringent election law, and carried through many other measures. He is still, in his seventy-sixth year, by far the most active and hard-worked member of his Government. He is Minister of Railways as well as Premier, and that is a position which entails an immense amount of hard work. No Minister could be more diligent or painstaking.

In appearance, Sir John is slightly above medium height, is slender, with a thin face, slightly pale and sallow. His hair is dark, and a curl, which hangs down on his forehead, and his other physical and political characteristics, have led him to be compared with Lord Beaconsfield. He is convincing and forcible as a speaker, and has the faculty of winning the public to his side. He is considered to be an astute election agent, and never appealed to the people in vain. His abilities as a statesman are everywhere recognised, and he is universally popular. The Queen had never a more loyal subject, or this country a more devoted servant, than Sir John Macdonald, and, whatever may be the future of Canada, its independence will be guarded and British interests watched with zealous care as long as the veteran statesman remains at the helm.



"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT,"



ADRIAN PULIDO PAREJA.

FROM THE PICTURE BY VELASQUEZ IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

## DON ADRIAN PULIDO PAREJA.

Of all Velasquez's portraits, none impressed his contemporaries more strongly than this of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, and, even if we dismiss as apocryphal the story of the King having mistaken the portrait for the original, we may still accept the picture as a more than usually excellent likeness. There is nothing of the courtier in the broad-shouldered, firmly set officer whose defiant head alone is reproduced in the accompanying engraving. He is of the stout, grim Castilian type, with bushy eyebrows, upturned moustache, and a wrinkle down the forehead, set in a mass of curly black hair. Philip's generals and admirals—on canvas, at least—were the most magnificent, awe-inspiring creatures a Southern imagination could suggest; but they seldom lived up to their looks in the wear and tear of military life. Pulido was, however, an exception, and had greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Fontarabia in 1638, from which Condé, after several unsuccessful efforts, was forced to withdraw in very unheroic fashion. Pulido had been wounded in one of the earliest sorties, and his commanding officer Perez was killed. For a month he had upheld the spirits of the garrison, and in the last sanguinary assault had for six hours stood in the breach effected by the French mines. It was no wonder that on his return to Madrid he should be the object of a popular ovation, and that the "Victory of Fontarabia" should be made the signal for rejoicings. Pulido was made Knight of the Order of Santiago, and Admiral of the Fleet of New Spain—a real command like that held by Don John of Austria, or General Blake in our own country—not a merely honorary title, such as survives with us in the present "Vice Admiral of Suffolk"; but history is not very eloquent about his maritime successes, beyond telling us that he was killed at the siege of Vera Cruz in 1664.

His great distinction for us is that Velasquez was ordered to paint his portrait, and that so highly did the artist prize his work that he put his name to it—a very rare distinction:—

*Did. Velasq. Philip IV à cubiculo ejusq' pictor 1639*

ADRIAN  
PULIDO PAREJA.

the name having apparently been added in another hand. As a picture it has very many points of interest, as colour is more freely used than generally by Velasquez. The dazzling white patches of the lace collar, the flowered satin sleeves of the black-velvet costume, the gold-hemmed scarf and red-enamelled decoration of the Order of Santiago, all give the work exceptional importance, and is a splendid instance of the fiery vigour with which the great Spanish master could paint, and, moreover, is the very antithesis of the pathetic "Crucifixion" for the sisterhood of San Placido, which was painted in the same year. The present picture is the gem of the set bought last year by the trustees of the National Gallery from the Earl of Radnor, and goes far to justify the price paid for the other two. Many will, perhaps, recollect that a portrait of Adrian Pulido, belonging to the Duke of Bedford, was exhibited last year at the Burlington House, representing a much older man, and was probably painted after the Admiral had seen much service afloat. The present picture was originally in the collection of the Duke of Arcos; but, as to its history from the time of its being seen there by Palomino until it came into the possession of the Earl of Radnor at the beginning of this century, history is silent.

## BABOO AS 'TIS WRIT.

Since the appearance of the volumes that showed us how the American and English schoolboy could write English when he tried, we have had such refreshing derangement of epitaphs as Mr. Arnold Wright's account of "Baboo English as 'tis Writ" (Fisher Unwin). The Baboo journalist is a treasure among men. He is good for every kind of absurdity. He attacks the English language like a Malay, and spares it not. He is equal to remarking at a political crisis that "many crowned heads must be trembling in their shoes." He denounces, apropos of a paragraph in the newspapers during the Franco-Chinese war, that the bar of Woosung Harbour had been block the base attempt to prevent the overcrowding of the local Bar by Chinese laws." Here we smell the native law student, on the keen scent for fees and a free pass to a Judgeship. "A monstrous meeting" as a description of a large gathering is pardonable. It suggests an Irish assembly, or Committee Room No. 15. As an editor, the Indian journalist supplies many useful suggestions. How is this, for instance, as an apology for the fact that a large portion of the pages of a new paper had been left totally blank? "We were not sure how much matter was required to fill our paper, and, thinking we had sufficient, we did not exert ourselves to get more." Overworked English editors, please copy. Here, again, is a singularly edifying form of announcement of a newspaper enlargement: "By the help of the great Almighty we now appear in broad size." The growth of native newspapers, however, does not seem unattended with difficulties, the chief of which appear to be a rooted aversion to cash payments on the part of subscribers. "We now," says a native editor, "as a last resort, our patience exhausted, have resolved on the extreme step of gibbeting some of these precious gentlemen in a corner of our paper, entitled 'Our Defaulting Subscribers.'" Leisureliness, however, is the main characteristic of Baboo journalism. "With the consent of our readers we propose taking our annual holiday for a fortnight"—an excellent example, which we commend to English newspaper proprietors. A subtle Hibernian blend runs through this announcement: "Our next paper day falling on Christmas Day, the next issue of this journal will not appear." The native stylist excels in poetry, largely of the pathetic order. A lover surprises his mistress with his rival, and is seriously affected, as the following verse will show:—

Then him we found fall on the ground,  
As if got mesmerised;  
His eyes turned round, he made a sound  
Which made us quite surprised.

In letter-writing the Baboo is greater even than the mysteries of double rhyming. "The poor man in agricultural behaviour" who subscribes himself "Your honor's damnable servant" is not so humble as the native youth who desires the loan of a bicycle, and who says, "I have the strongest desire to have the Biscoyle to ride on, through the contemplation, I have no sleep either in the day or in the night. I have been reduced to half, and if I continue the same course I do not know what my fate will be." Finally we learn that the Baboo is somewhat given to anonymous libels on individuals, a fault which is surely small in comparison with his desperate aspersions of the Queen's English.

"General" Booth seems to find his Salvation Colonists in no particular request anywhere. Several of the Australasian Governments, following the example of Canada, have declared that they will have none of this "English refuse" dumped upon their shores, and the Victorian Premier says that his Government intend to take active measures to prevent any influx of "pauper and criminal immigrants to the Colony under the ægis of 'General' Booth."

## THE OFFENCES OF "SOCIETY."

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

If great scandals never failed to "clear the air," a certain unfortunate lady might console herself with the thought that the imprudence which destroys her peace will do a world of good to Society. Great scandals are generally supposed to have that result; but, in truth, they yield a very mixed crop of consequences, and it is often seen that the bad ones exceed the good. In this particular case the crop is sure to be mixed, though the balance of good and ill will not appear immediately.

The worst of the evil will probably arise from the following facts and circumstances. This England of ours has recently been overtaken by a "Society" craze. Perhaps the "Society journals" have had something to do with it; indeed, we may be sure they have. The enormously increasing number of wealthy idlers contributed by Trade has more; and even beyond the wide and ever-widening circles of the *nouveau riche* there are other circles with no plutocratic pretensions where the yearning to touch upon the skirts of Society is intense, and the desire to be of its mode is unquenchable. There is nothing new in this unhappy sentiment, but it rages in different degrees of madness at different periods, and of course is the more unfortunate the larger the number of persons who are exposed to the ravage of contagion.

In our day they may be counted by hundreds of thousands. Within the last generation thousands have found their way into the inner circle of Society, moving in its precincts of the Blest with an almost complete familiarity, whose peers of an earlier time had no such privilege. Behind these others press—satiated for the moment by chance admission, and sorely tempted to magnify their good fortune by adopting and parading every trick of speech and manner, every whim of virtue, every snatch of vice, which they may discover among unquestionably smart sets. How else shall they bear the *cachet* of Society in outward and visible form so clear that Jones of Twickenham (and Mrs. Jones), that Smith of Bayswater (and Mrs. Smith) cannot possibly make any mistake about it? How else, indeed, can they be convinced in themselves that they have caught the flame, and are informed with the true spirit of Society freedom—the freedom that makes laws unto itself and breaks them at pleasure? Let it be known, then, that great ladies allow themselves more liberty of speech than their grandmothers did, and you shall see the more distant stars of their high firmament twinkling and sparkling with rather more than the license necessary to assert a common sisterhood. Is any particular commandment, any social obligation, a subject of indifference or pleasantry among the very smartest people—immediately it becomes a joke to their imitators. As we know by anecdote and comedy, there was a time when total indifference to tradesmen's bills was regarded as a dashing eccentricity most proper in a gentleman. It was *chic*, before that word was invented, to have, or pretend to have, a swarm of duns, and to diddle or d—n them in batches at breakfast-time as the humour took you; or to let it be supposed you did. Since gentlemen have given up the glorious habit of getting gloriously drunk, no one boasts of being "confoundedly cut last night," expecting to be answered with a smile of recognition as a "buck" or a "blood" in whom such frailties are graceful. In short, times past and times present equally declare that empty follies, amusements vicious or bordering on vice, loose ways in dealing with common obligations, are imitated and exaggerated with extraordinary facility when they start from the first thousand of the Upper Ten, to spread abroad below. Bad enough to begin with, they become muddier at every stage; though of course they only follow certain channels of descent, leaving a vast area of Society untouched and unapproached.

Infinitely worse things than "play" have had a re-start in our time and generation, soon to be checked, however, and (to all appearance) stamped out again. But, make a grand scandal of baccarat and the like, and the natural consequence will be that, while these gamings are frowned upon and relinquished as a mistake where the scandal arises, they will be taken up by the money-made idlers who dwell in the outskirts of the *beau monde* (as they call it), with more capacity to imitate its faults than its merits. It would be a safe statement that since the revelations of a few days back there have been twice as many little games of baccarat in the suburbs of Society than there were during the previous fortnight; and higher stakes therewith, and larger cigars, and a wilder abandonment to that deliciously attractive drink "soda and brandy." It is the way of the world, always has been, ever will be. In due time it will be known in the lower-upper-circles that country-house gambling or what not has been dropped up above there, in obedience to considerations suggested by the voice of scandal. And then, of course, it will be dropped in the remoter regions of Society as "bad form"; but that will not happen till a certain amount of mischief has been done, we may be sure. This mischief, the product of a rumour which is supposed to reveal a passion for certain forms of gambling in the highest quarters, has to be set against the deterrent warning which the noise of the scandal will convey.

But the general effect of the hubbub on those against whom it is addressed is sure to be good. The rapidity with which it has run through all classes of the community, its extraordinary exaggerations and distortions, show how careful "Society" should be in choosing its amusements nowadays. Baccarat is an unlawful game; but by this time there are thousands of people in England who would be surprised to learn that skittles may be nearly as demoralising. Their newspapers talk of it as if it were some midnight infamy invented in a foreign bagnio, which only princes and dukes and lords and ladies would dare to practise in a Christian land. It is not that, spite of its outlandish name, so much the opposite of "that blessed word Mesopotamia." But it stands for reckless gambling, even when it is rightly understood; and if Society is wise it will purge itself of an offence which does appear to be a growing one. To be sure, it flourishes not so much within its borders as without; but it is more contagious there, more ravaging, more of a reproach and more of a social danger. Nothing will persuade great numbers of mankind in England that the upper classes do not spend the greater part of their time in breaking one of the commandments. It will not be believed that gambling has been substituted for that pastime; and there are twenty good reasons for suppressing the idea that it is an addition.

## FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA.

By our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

## PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA.

I was naturally anxious to see something of the prison system here. On hearing of my desire the Governor of Yeniseisk, with whom I had got on very friendly terms, courteously offered not only to let me accompany him on one of his weekly inspections of the prison, but also to let me make some sketches of what I should see if I so desired. I naturally jumped at the offer, and on the appointed day I was punctual to the appointment, and we drove together in his sledge. It was an intensely cold day—in fact, the coldest I had yet experienced, there being no less than 28 deg. of frost (Réaumur), so one simply had to bury oneself in one's furs and avoid talking as much as possible. The building, which is on the outskirts of the town, offers nothing of interest from the outside, being an ordinary two-storey brick building, looking much like most prisons anywhere. It is placed in close proximity to the barracks, so that in case of need military assistance is readily available. At the gates of the courtyard, where a sentinel was stationed, we were received by the *personnel* of the establishment—the director of the prison, a tall thin military-looking man in a shabby uniform, with a long sword by his side and a huge astrachan képi on his head—and five undersized little jailers, who were armed with cutlasses and big revolvers, which looked much too large for them. I learnt afterwards that the director was a Polish exile, who had been sent to Siberia after the last insurrection in Poland, and, at the expiration of his sentence, had elected to remain in Siberia as the director of the criminal prison of Yeniseisk. We then entered the building. Once inside the heavy iron-bound doors, the temperature was delightfully warm as compared with outside, and, as is usual in Siberia, an even heat everywhere, on the stone staircases, in the corridors, and in the rooms. So far as warmth is concerned the prisoners certainly have nothing to complain of. After considerable unlocking of big padlocks and removing ponderous bars, we entered the portion of the prison occupied by men undergoing long sentences for felony and other offences. It was a big sort of vaulted hall, dimly lighted by a few heavily grated windows on one side. Under the windows the whole length of the room was a very wide sort of sloping shelf, which serves as a sleeping-place; and ranged against this shelf, shoulder to shoulder, stood a long line of prisoners in the usual prison garb of Siberia. On our entry, they all as with one voice called out, in a deep guttural bass tone, the word "Sdrasté!" (Good-day), to which the governor replied by a military salute. As we walked slowly up the line I had a good opportunity of a near inspection of the most awful-looking crowd of ruffians I have ever seen. Perhaps the ill-fitting garment they wore added to the effect; still, with very few exceptions, vice was written on their faces, and I was not astonished to learn that most of them were old criminals and had been there many years. This hall led into another and yet another, with the same long lines of unkempt ruffians. Somehow, on looking at them, I could not help thinking of the awful photographs one sees outside the Morgue in Paris. I remarked to the governor what a dreadful thing it must be for a young man for a first and perhaps trivial offence to be thrown among such a crowd of rascals, who have nothing to do all day but sleep and eat, and who are under no supervision whatever except that of an occasional visit from one of the insignificant jailers. He agreed with me that the system is a wrong one, but, said he, "Que voulez-vous? Il n'y a pas de place pour les caser tous seuls." My astonishment was that five such little warders could keep such a crowd in order; but doubtless the knowledge of the close proximity of the barracks has a wholesome effect. In the corner of each hall, close up by the ceiling, was the indispensable sacred picture, or *ikon*, looking strangely incongruous in such foul surroundings. Still, even in this dismal place there was a touch of humour, as we passed slowly through. One miserable wretch complained to the governor that his coat did not fit, to which the governor very neatly replied that he could do nothing in the matter. "If people wanted their clothes to fit they should not come there!" We then visited the murderers' department, which was in the upper storey. There were no less than thirty men and women waiting their trial on this charge. Capital punishment does not exist in Russia, so the worst these prisoners can expect is hard labour at the mines for a certain number of years, after which they are free to live in Siberia, but not to return to Russia. In this portion of the prison the rooms were smaller, and only contained, at the most, a dozen men in each. All these prisoners, though as yet untried, were, without exception, in irons. Several of the most desperate characters were in solitary confinement. In one of the "solitary" cells was a tall, good-looking man, who had murdered an old woman—a foul and brutal murder, I heard, and committed for the sake of a few roubles only. He complained bitterly about being shut up all alone, as, he said, he had done "nothing." "How nothing?" said the governor, for the man had been taken red-handed, and, in fact, had never denied his guilt. "It was *only a woman* I killed!" was the whining reply, and then he looked astonished at the expression of disgust on our faces on hearing this little speech. There is no doubt about it that the solitary-confinement system is the one with the most terror in it. I could not help trying to imagine the feelings of the caged ruffian as he saw the door shut and heard the heavy bars drawn and the massive padlock replaced—very different, probably, to those of the rascals in the large hall below, who, doubtless, as soon as we were out of hearing, recommenced their pandemonium. The women's prison, which we afterwards visited, struck me as being a curious sight, and reminded me not a little of Dickens's description of the old "Fleet" or "Marshalsea" Prisons: the inmates seemed free to do what they pleased—of course, with the exception of leaving the place—and the effect on entering was most extraordinary. The room was full of steam, for it was "washing day," I was informed, and overhead was quite a network of ropes with wet clothes on them, hung up to dry. Dirty, unkempt children crowded round us as we entered, while, through an open door leading to an adjoining apartment, appeared a lot of semi-clad females who regarded us with a curiosity devoid of all modesty. There was here none of the respect which we were shown in the men's quarters, for these sullen-looking, half-naked women evidently looked upon our visit as an unwarrantable intrusion on their privacy.

As a result of my very interesting morning I could not help coming to the conclusion that, at any rate as far as I have seen, the criminals of Siberia have little to complain of. They pass their forced seclusion in absolute idleness, if they so wish, for the work they do, if any, is voluntary—eating and sleeping, they while away the time as best they can, like so many caged beasts. On another occasion I had an opportunity of seeing a batch of criminal prisoners start for Krasnoïarsk, where they were being sent for trial. They were all assembled in the hall of the Palais de Justice, and a strange crowd they looked, sitting along the wall on a bench, dressed in their drab kaftans, which serve them as overcoats.



THE COLLEGIATE SCHOOLS, YENISEISK.

Round about lolled the guard which was to escort them half-way to Krasnoïarsk, half a dozen undersized soldiers (not "Cossacks," as they are often erroneously described), with rifles and fixed bayonets. All were well wrapped up for the journey, with huge woollen comforters round their necks, black gloves, and felt boots on. I had no difficulty in getting them to remain still while I made a sketch, for they seemed readily to understand what I wanted, even to the prisoners. As usual, when I had finished, no one evinced the slightest curiosity to see the result. A few minutes afterwards they started, under the command of a non-commissioned officer. And a curious procession it was, for none of the prisoners seemed to feel their position, and walked just as they pleased. I could not help thinking that the soldiers had the worst of it, burdened as they were with their heavy rifles, ammunition, and accoutrements, while the prisoners had absolutely nothing to carry. The soldiers from Yeniseisk only go halfway, when they meet a convoy from Krasnoïarsk, and exchange prisoners. The journey takes about a week, as they only travel about fifty versts a day, and only during daylight. There is no prison for "political exiles" in Yeniseisk. Most of this class of *déportés* who are living in the town have already served their term of punishment at Kara or Nertchinsk, and have elected to remain in Siberia, where they probably find the life not half so bad as it is painted, or else, as is often the case, were banished "for life" from Russia, and condemned to pass the remainder of their days in Yeniseisk or some other town or village.

The hospital was another curious and novel sight. On entering, I thought it was already decorated for Christmas, for all along the walls and between the beds were placed small trees—a species of pine. On asking, however, the reason of this unusual arrangement I was informed that it was a Siberian custom thus to place this particular sort of pine-tree in hospitals, as it helped to purify the atmosphere and sweeten it. The ventilation was very bad. The walls of the building, which were of immense thickness, were provided with treble windows to keep out the intense cold. The house doctor, an amiable old gentleman, who spoke German fluently, showed us over the place, and evidently took a great pride in it, although he informed us it was very old and was to be shortly replaced by a new building. The Yeniseisk sick-list is, unfortunately, very large, and at the time of our visit every bed was occupied.

The High-street of Yeniseisk is not unpicturesque; and the importance of many of the buildings is enough to upset all the previously conceived ideas of Siberian towns, which were formerly imagined to consist of nothing but exiles' huts, and to be the abode of hopeless and cheerless misery. It would astonish most Europeans if they could see the stately mansions owned by some of the millionaire mine-owners and rich exiles; these houses look as if they had been transplanted from the Champs Elysées or the Bois de Boulogne, and in the interior are to be found luxuries with which Paris, rather than Siberia, is generally associated. In my sketch I have, unfortunately, been unable to give any of these palatial

residences, as I wanted to show the general effect of the town, with the schools, fire-towers, one of the many churches, and the inevitable telegraph-poles. The two Collegiate Schools—one for boys, the other for girls—were founded by one of the merchant princes of the town—Mr. Kitmanoff. They are built in a style which would mark them as striking-looking buildings in any town in the world. They contain a fine laboratory of physical science, well supplied with apparatus, and a drawing-class room, provided with plaster casts and geometrical models; the walls of the rooms and corridors are hung with maps, drawings, and diagrams useful for teaching, and the seats and desks are of the most approved design for schools. There are several European professors of competent attainments in this excellent educational institution. Yeniseisk, a town of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, the centre of a rich gold-field district, is evidently an abode of civilisation.

It is worth while to see the ladies of fashionable society going out for an afternoon drive at Yeniseisk. When the temperature is not too low, say 15 deg. below zero (Réaumur), one sees many smart sledges about. Four o'clock in the afternoon is the favourite time for driving, and one can then see horses as fine as those of any private carriages in London. The fair occupants of the sledges are, as a rule, too much wrapped up in furs to be seen to advantage, but, as the "grand chic" is to tear along at top speed, a fleeting vision of beauty is generally obtained, and before you have time almost to recognise who is in the sledge it is already far away.

(To be continued.)



THE HIGH STREET, YENISEISK.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

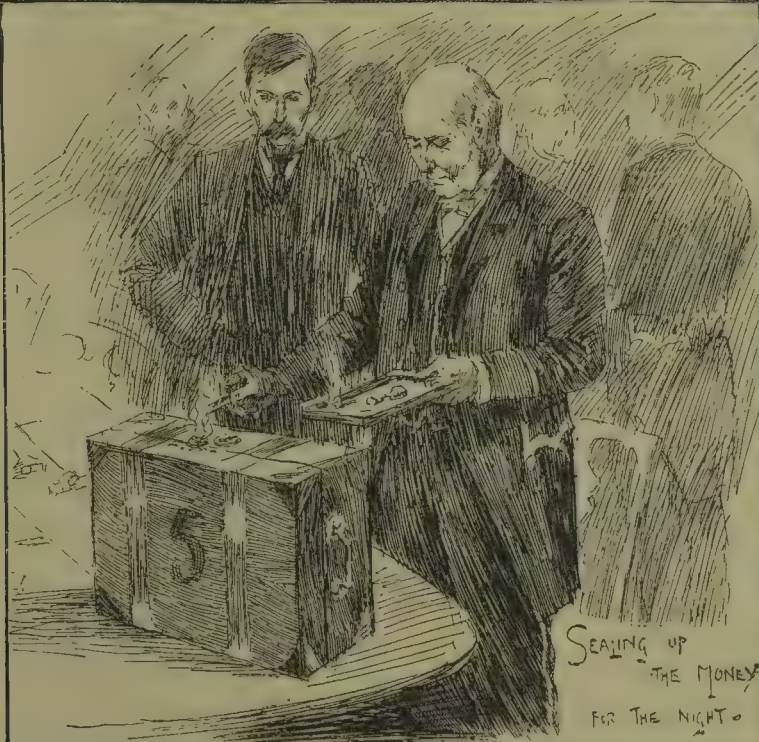
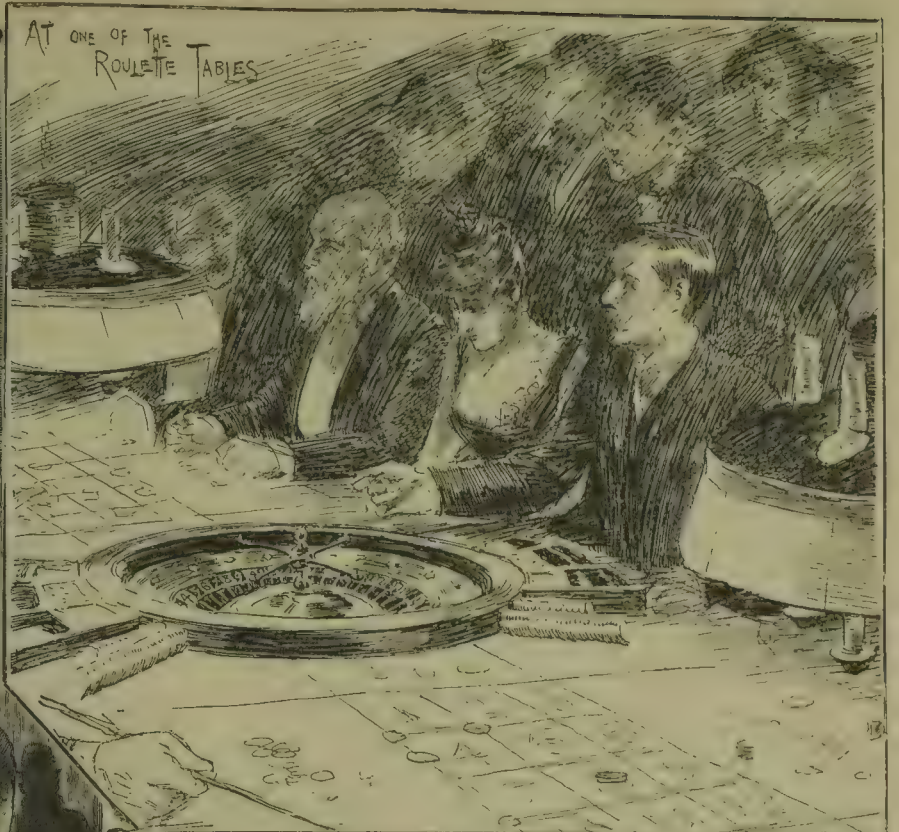


INTERIOR OF THE CRIMINAL PRISON AT YENISEISK.



PRISONERS IN THE HALL OF THE POLICE COURT AT YENISEISK, WAITING FOR CONVOY TO KRASNOIARSK.

PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



SKETCHES AT MONTE CARLO.

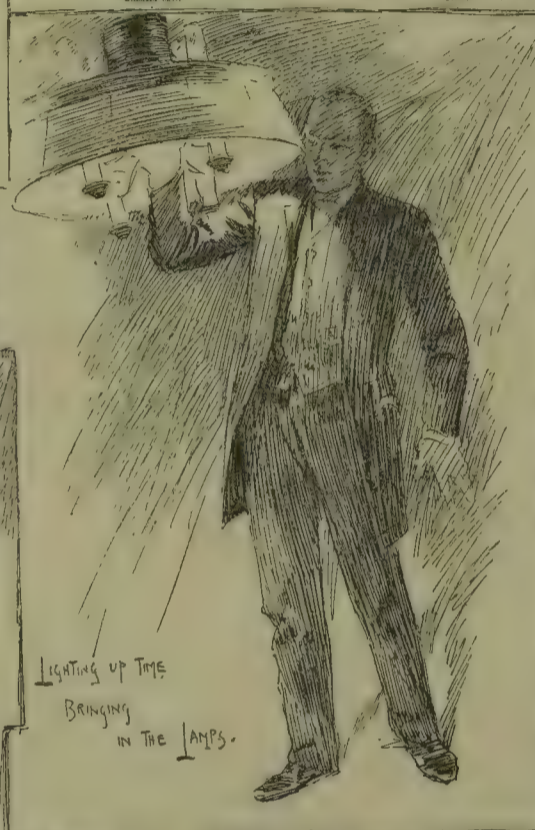
The Riviera has its charms of natural scenery and gay fashionable society, with reputed exemption from the severity of the general European winter climate. It possesses one curious institution, the smallest and prettiest of sovereign Principalities, which has no political importance, but may still have a social effect, not wholly beneficial, on certain classes of visitors belonging to foreign nations. The absentee monarch of this little State of Monaco, a descendant of the chivalrous Grimaldi, the Genoese knights who expelled the Saracens from that beautiful shore, rules over two thousand native subjects, mostly huddled together in the few streets of his diminutive capital, and owns a palace built on the command-

ing rock, with delightful gardens and terraces overlooking the sea. But, instead of guarding the coast, as his ancestors did, against the marauding pirates who preyed on Mediterranean commerce, he is distinguished among the reigning Princes of modern times by drawing his revenue from the profits of a public gambling-house, the celebrated establishment of Monte Carlo, which has often been described. Illustrations of the famous Casino, with its pleasure-grounds, maintained with great taste at the cost of the enterprising lessees, have been presented in our Journal on former occasions. Most of the visitors come from Nice for the day, but Monte Carlo has its own hotels: the Grand de Paris, the Continental, the Hôtel de

Russie, the Beaurivage, the Hôtel du Parc, the Hôtel du Prince de Galles, the Victoria, and the Windsor. English, French, Russian, and American sojourners on the Riviera seek amusement here in the early spring months, but the wiser part content themselves with a mere passing look at the scene of reckless dissipation, and with the safer and more innocent enjoyment of an agreeable lounge with picturesque views of land and sea.

Our present Sketches, however, being illustrative of the practice of gambling at the Casino, demand some explanatory comment on the mode of operation. The Administration plays against its customers individually, every one of whom expects

to win, but the Administration is quite sure, on the whole, not to lose. The roulette-wheel, divided into thirty-seven stalls, of which eighteen are coloured red, eighteen black, numbered one to thirty-six, while zero has no colour, is the familiar instrument of apparently fair chances. When the ball is dropped in, from a fixed groove, at the outer edge of this plausible toy, no hand having touched it, and the wheel begins to revolve horizontally, you may put down your money, calling either "Rouge" or "Noire," and you think it as likely as not that the ball will stop in a stall of the colour you have named. In that case, the bank will pay you equal to the money you have staked, and you are lucky to get it, wise if you put it into your pocket and walk away. If you have chosen to bet on one of the numbers, instead of the colours, the bank will pay you thirty-five times your stake in the improbable event of the ball resting in the stall marked with your number. When the ball settles in the uncoloured receptacle that is designated zero, every player on colour forfeits half his stake to the bank. As there are thirty-seven chances in the revolving wheel, it is evident that the bank, in its aggregate of operations, has the advantage of half a chance over the collective players on either colour, reckoning eighteen for red and eighteen for black, while it has a chance of one in thirty-seven against each of the players on numbers. In the long run, the total of zeros is more than twice the excess of either colour above the other colour. We do not see any cause to complain of this advantage over the public; but it makes the business of the Administration financially safe. The mischief done to the player begins with speculating on a series of ventures, imagining that he will retrieve his first losses by subsequent gains; that by some mysterious law of sequences or alternations the past event may affect a future chance. All such persistent gambling comes from the conceit of being too cunning, either in blind reliance on a presentiment of final victory, or belief in some fanciful "system" of arithmetical combinations. The fallacy of supposing that there can be any statistical ground for such a system was ably exposed by a recent writer, Mr. Norwood Young, in an article in the *National Review* for December last, analysing the results of 37,691 consecutive turns of roulette at Monte Carlo. It may be regarded as certain, however, that a millionaire playing all day long, every day of his life, against the bank, would, if he lived long enough, be deprived of his last franc; and nobody who deter-



SKETCHES AT MONTE CARLO.

mines to play fifty, or five hundred, or five thousand turns can reasonably expect to be a gainer. Superstition is the nurse of gambling, and its influence is more debasing to the mind than even the sordid desire of unearned gains. A single risk, frankly accepted, when the loss can easily be afforded, may not have a demoralising effect.

#### ANCIENT INDIAN LITERARY HISTORY.

*A History of Civilisation in Ancient India, based on Sanscrit Literature.* By Romesh Chunder Dutt, Bengal Civil Service. Three vols. (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, and Co.; London: Trübner and Co.)—A barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, holding a Government office in the Mymensing district of Bengal, the learned and judicious Hindoo author of this work is master of a good English literary style. He is also conversant with the best results of philological and archaeological researches, since the time of Sir William Jones, by English, French, and German scholars of ancient Indian lore. To the labours of Colebrooke, H. H. Wilson, Prinsep, and John Muir,

of Burnouf, Lassen, Roth, Weber, Max Müller, and other Orientalists of European fame, he owes his constant obligations. But he has further consulted those of his own countrymen who have patriotically bestowed great pains in the same line of erudition, while he has naturally the advantage of hereditary familiarity with the ideas and customs of his race. His treatise is so exact and methodical, the limits of his theme are so well defined and observed, and the division of chronological periods, though avowedly conjectural in some instances, coincides so justly with real epochs in the course of civilisation, that the history becomes rationalised, almost scientific, instead of presenting a torrent of mixed narrative incidents. It is not, indeed, a record of the reigns of kings, and of wars, conquests, and revolutions, but of the progress of Hindoo thought and life, of religion, speculation, worship, morality, social and domestic manners.

Mr. Chunder Dutt's exposition not only of Buddhism, but of the older Hindoo religious doctrines, preserved in the "Upanishads," composed from the eleventh to the ninth century before Christ, following the original "Vedas" at an

interval of some centuries, and further explained by the Vedantas or commentaries of a later Brahmanical school, would seem worthy of attention. He lays much stress upon the different character of a later phase of Hindooism, which he calls the "Pauranik," beginning with the fifth century after Christ, and ended by the Mohammedan conquests in the twelfth century. It is important to observe that all the less wholesome features, the grosser superstitions, the fantastic idolatries, the vast and complex fabulous mythologies, the ascendancy of the priesthood, and the baneful divisions of multiplied castes, which have disfigured Hindooism in modern times, do not belong to the ancient India that he describes, whose civilisation flourished long before the institutions of Judaism, long before the Greeks are supposed to have laid siege to Troy. The patriotic author of this outline of Indian literary and social history desires to recall thoughtful minds of his own nation to the study of their sacred classics, for the purpose of reviving a purer faith, while preparing for the admission of European science and for the reconciliation of Asiatic primitive piety with the activity of modern European thought.

## THE WICKED CIGAR.

BY J. M. BARRIE.

Count Tolstoi has a well-considered and temperate paper in this month's *Contemporary* on the effects of smoking. He maintains that tobacco makes fiends of men, and cites several well-known cases in which murderers could not do the deed until they had smoked a cigarette. That tobacco fires us to villany there can be no doubt, I think. That is why I smoke.

All the villains I know smoke. It is notorious that publishers take a few whiffs before drawing up the agreement which they send to authors to sign. I observe that when the Irish members were meeting in Committee Room No. 15 they retired at intervals to the smoking-room. Could we divide them into smokers and non-smokers, we should know for certain which are the real patriots. The following, I have reason to believe, is the true history of the American Copyright Bill. The English Authors' Society bribed the doctors of America to forbid the legislators there to smoke. Then the Bill was passed at once. A hitch has since occurred, however. The explanation is that the American publishers forwarded a cigar (Regalia, full-flavoured) to each member of the Senate. The critics smoke all the time they are reviewing my books. Nearly every editor smokes. The editor of the *Illustrated London News* does not smoke. So he says.

For my own part, I should give up smoking gladly if I could discover any easier way of feeling villanous. As it is, I must be a villain now and again, for two reasons. One is that, in the course of business, I have to meet publishers and editors. They smoke when they know I am coming, and I smoke because I know they are smoking. The other day, for instance, I called on the editor of this Paper. I had brought my natural character, the name of which is Amiability, with me; but as I was about to enter the office I hastily drew back, remembering the type of man with whom I had to deal. I hurried to the nearest tobacconist's shop, took three whiffs, and then kept my appointment with the editor. It is thus that authors prime themselves for business. Of course, if editors and the like were willing to give up smoking, we should be delighted to do so too, and meet them as honest men.

I have spoken of another reason for smoking. It only holds with novelists. People sometimes ask me why all novelists are such depraved characters, and my reply (if any) is that the novelist who respects his art must smoke. The critics frequently say of a novelist that he does not get inside a certain character. If you have the pluck to read the novel as well as the review of it, you will find, five times in six, that it is the villain whom the novelist does not get inside of. In other words, the novelist has not smoked. To draw a character well an author must sympathise with him; must, for the time being, identify himself with him. Now, there is only one way of getting in touch with a villain. You must smoke. If the villain is merely the victim of circumstances, an occasional cigarette is sufficient. A villain who in the last chapter hears the Christmas chimes, bursts into tears, and is willing to begin a new life in Canada, can also be done on cigarettes. On the other hand, a pipe is needed for the lady adventuress (especially if she smokes herself); nor can one hope on cigarettes to get inside a villain with two wives. Cigars may be avoided, except where the villain is at the very top of his profession. Thackeray made Becky Sharpe out of Manillas, but had to take to Cabañas (Maduro) for the chapters about Lord Steyne. I have been told that Mr. Christie Murray becomes very dejected when he has to write of rascals, as the smell of tobacco, not to speak of its taste, is most offensive to him. "Why don't you tell us more of shady life in Simla?" someone said recently to Mr. Kipling. "My dear sir," he replied, "I can't be always smoking." Mr. Payn doubtless learned to smoke while writing "Lost Sir Massingberd."

The much-discussed "unhappy ending" question is merely a matter of tobacco, for if the novelist did not smoke he could never kill any of his characters. It is true that female novelists occasionally end their stories unhappily, and yet are not themselves smokers (unless they belong to the gifted new school). But on inquiry you would find, I expect, that these ladies have villainous husbands or brothers. When the author feels that she must end her story sadly, she doubtless asks the nearest villain to come into her room and smoke while she writes. If you find a man smoking in a conservatory, he will give, as his reason, that tobacco kills the insects which are in league to destroy his wife's flowers. Count Tolstoi should have drawn attention to this wholesale murder. He might have compared the husbands in the conservatory to the husbands in their wives' writing-rooms, smoking their utmost, to the destruction of doomed heroes and heroines. It has been pointed out frequently that the wives of geniuses have their troubles, but so have the husbands of geniuses. If the lady's genius takes the form of fiction, her husband, as we have seen, is compelled to be a villain that he may help her on with her work. The male novelist, however, is his own villain. I never heard of a male genius so lost to all sense of shame that he ordered his wife to sit beside him and smoke while he put some inoffensive character in his story to death. It is notorious that the wives of novelists are untiring in their efforts to hide their husbands' tobacco-pouch; but is this because they would save their husbands from villany? Those who are in a position to decide, say not. Their story is that the wife of the novelist is in plot with the editor in whose magazine the novel appears. Editors never sleep at nights, from a fear that their novelist means to end his story unhappily, and so decrease the magazine's circulation. They accordingly warn his wife that unless the heroine and hero marry in the last chapter they will never again invite her husband to write for them. What can the poor lady do? She has the housing and clothing of her children to think of, and therefore she conceals her husband's tobacco, knowing that he will not have the cruelty to separate his lovers, unless there is a pipe in his mouth. We are constantly reading in the papers that "Mr. Dash, the well-known novelist, has left London for a quiet fishing-village on the east coast, where he intends to finish the story upon which he is at present engaged." The public has no understanding of the significance of this paragraph; but the editor shudders when he reads it. He translates it thus: "Mr. Dash, the novelist with a sneaking fondness for unhappy endings, has escaped for a fortnight from his wife's control, and is now smoking heavily in a fishing-village whose name he is keeping secret. We understand that Mr. Dash, who had promised to end his new story happily, has changed his mind, and decided to kill the hero and heroine in each other's arms."

I need say no more, except that I smoked a cigarette before writing this article.

## CHESS.

W A C (East Molesey).—Thanks for notice. We are always pleased to receive problems, whether in two or three moves; but for the present we prefer the latter, if possible.

CHESHUNTENSIS.—When a capture is made, it is better to say R takes P at once. Postcards are quite sufficient, if the name is made clear.

W BARRITT.—Your praise of No. 242 is endorsed by several of our most expert composers as well as solvers. It fully deserves the compliments that have been paid it.

G B F (Dundee).—Many thanks. We look forward with interest to the game you mention.

B G LAWS.—The problem appears all right now. We are glad to hear about your book. The other matter resolves itself into one of opinion; but, on the score of construction, we think some might have had a place.

J PYMOURNE.—"Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern." 6s. J Brown, 19, Bagby-street, Leeds.

W R B (Plymouth).—In No. 240, if Black play P to Kt 4th, 2. Kt takes K P, Kt takes Kt; 3. P to Kt 4th, mate. We cannot find any recent problem published by us where it is possible to play the move you give for No. 244.

DOUBT.—See answer to W R B, in regard to No. 240.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 236 and 237 received from Dr A R V Sastry (Tumkur); of 241 from W Barrett, Emil Frau (Lyons), Captain J A Challice, Fidelitas, and An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 242 from Captain J A Challice, Sorrento (Dawlish), W Barrett, and J Lawrence; of No. 243 from Arthur Church, Tortehesse, W Barrett, Fidelitas, Captain J A Challice, Emil Frau, E Field (Surliton), A Gwinner, W H D Henvey, S Parry, J H Gannat, W F Payne, B G Boys, N Gales, M Mullendorff (Luxembourg), Rev Winfield Cooper, W Rieby, Trial, Chessington, Trinity College, and L Drew.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 244 received from Shadforth, J D Tucker (Leeds), T Roberts, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), E Loden, W Barroff, G E Perugini, W H Reed (Liverpool), Hereward, A Newman, J Conard, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Alpha, W David (Cardiff), W F Payne, E P Vulliamy, Dawn, W R Raillem, E G Boys, Martin F, R Worters (Canterbury), H S B (Fairholme), Fr Fernando (Dublin), M Burke, B D Knox, Columbus, Julia Short (Exeter), Sorrento (Dawlish), Dr F St, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Wright, E Edwards, W T Hurley (Rochester), J Dixon, R H Brooks, Thomas Chown, D McCoy (Galway), F J Wallis, and L Desanges.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 242.—By E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

## WHITE.

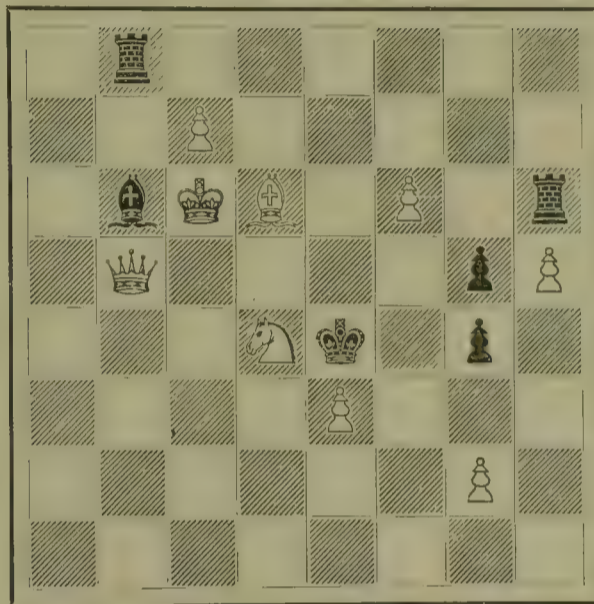
1. Q to Kt 5th
2. Kt to B 3rd (ch)
3. Q to Q 7th. Mate.

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, 2. Kt to Q 4th, K to B 6th or K 6th; 3. Q mates. If 1. Kt to B 2nd, 2. Kt to B 3rd (ch). If 1. Kt takes R, then 2. B to B 3rd (ch), and mates next move.

## PROBLEM No. 2446.

By B. G. LAWS.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's Divan between Messrs. J. MASON and F. J. LEE. (Evans Gambit.)

- |                      |                |                  |                |
|----------------------|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. M.)       | BLACK (Mr. L.) | WHITE (Mr. M.)   | BLACK (Mr. L.) |
| 1. P to K 4th        | P to K 4th     | 24. B to B 3rd   | K to R sq      |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd     | Kt to Q B 3rd  | 25. Kt to B 3rd  | Kt to K 2nd    |
| 3. B to B 4th        | B to B 4th     | 26. Kt to Kt 5th | Q to Kt 3rd    |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4th     | B takes P      |                  |                |
| 5. P to B 3rd        | B to B 4th     |                  |                |
| 6. Castles           | P to Q 3rd     |                  |                |
| 7. P to Q 4th        | P takes P      |                  |                |
| 8. P takes P         | B to Kt 3rd    |                  |                |
| 9. P to Q 5th        | Kt to R 4th    |                  |                |
| 10. B to Kt 2nd      | Kt to K 2nd    |                  |                |
| 11. B to Q 3rd       | P to K B 3rd   |                  |                |
| 12. Kt to B 3rd      | B to Kt 5th    |                  |                |
| 13. Kt to K 2nd      | Kt to Kt 3rd   |                  |                |
| 14. Kt to Kt 3rd     | P to Q 4th     |                  |                |
| 15. B to Kt 5th (ch) | P to Q 2nd     |                  |                |
| 16. B takes B (ch)   | Q takes B      |                  |                |
| 17. R to B sq        | Castles (K R)  |                  |                |
| 18. Kt to B 5th      | Q R to K sq    |                  |                |
| 19. R to K sq        | B to B 2nd     |                  |                |
| 20. K Kt to R 4th    | P to Kt 4th    |                  |                |
| 21. Q to Kt 4th      | Q to B 2nd     |                  |                |

This seems forced, the Q being threatened by Kt to R 4th (ch). If K to R sq, the Q is equally lost by Kt takes Kt (ch), P takes Kt, Q to R 3rd (ch), &c.

22. P to B 4th

23. R takes Kt

By this and the following move White makes all secure on the Queen's side, and is enabled to press his attack on the King's side without a break or pause.

23. P takes R

Game played at Luton between Messrs. F. N. BRAUND and Mr. H.

(Scotch Gambit.)

- |  |                |
|--|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. H.)                           | BLACK (Mr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4th                            | P to K 4th     |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd                         | Kt to Q B 3rd  |
| 3. P to Q 4th                            | P takes P      |
| 4. B to Q B 4th                          | B to Q B 4th   |
| 5. Castles                               | P to Q 3rd     |
| 6. P to Q B 3rd                          | B to Kt 5th    |
| 7. P to Kt 4th                           | B to Kt 3rd    |
| 8. P to Q R 4th                          | P to Q R 3rd   |
| 9. Q to Kt 3rd                           | B takes Kt     |
| Q to B 3rd would have been sounder play. |                |
| 10. B takes P (ch)                       | K to B sq      |
| 11. P takes B                            | Q to B 3rd     |
| Kt to B 3rd is another alternative here. |                |
| 12. B takes Kt                           | R takes B      |
| 13. P to Q B 4th                         | P to Kt 4th    |
| 14. K to R sq                            | Kt to K 4th    |
| 15. R to R 3rd                           | P to Q 6th     |
| 16. Q to Q sq                            | Kt takes K B P |
| 17. R takes P                            | P to Kt 5th    |
| 18. R to Q 5th                           | Q to Kt 3rd    |
| 19. R to B 5th (ch)                      | K to K 2nd     |
| 20. Kt to Q 2nd                          |                |

The contest for the Gastnean Challenge Vase and the Championship of the City of London Club will commence on Monday, Feb. 23. For this tournament sixteen first-class players and four second-class have entered. The latter join for the sake of practice.

The *British Chess Magazine* comes out with an unusually strong number for February. Besides the last twelve games, with full analytical notes of the Steinitz-Gunsberg match, it contains a variety of other chess matter, and the first instalment of a careful criticism of the "Non Handbuch" by the Rev. W. Wayte. But what will commend it to all chess-players above everything else is an article by Professor Tomlinson on Simpson's, in which the veteran gives his reminiscences of bygone celebrities whom he met in that classic resort. Among these we find Buckle, Staunton, Lowenthal, and many others, all of whom move once more before our eyes as living men in the Professor's chaty memories.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent of *Nature* gives some idea of the amount of soot—that is, unconsumed coal—which hangs in the air during a London fog. His method consisted in collecting the soot from a patch of snow measuring one square link—the said snow having lain from Nov. 27 to Dec. 27 last. From this snow patch the experimenter obtained two grains' weight of soot. A calculation shows that, if we suppose the London area to equal 110 square miles, we should find 1000 tons of soot distributed over this surface. "Imagine," says the writer, "a month's allowance being drawn off in a line by 1000 horses! The line would extend to about four miles in length." There is another way of looking at the matter—namely, from the effective standpoint of the purse. The waste of combustible material thus represented must be enormous. With coal selling at thirty shillings per ton or so, we may speedily arrive at a fairly clear idea of the amount of money which we waste in fogging the sky and in making ourselves generally disagreeable all round.

I am glad to observe that the Church of England Burial Reform Society continues to urge forcibly the necessity for the simplification of funerals. This society is really doing a much-needed and useful work, chiefly, I believe, under the guidance of the secretary, the Rev. F. Lawrence, whose address, I may mention for the information of my readers, is 'The Clergy House, Westow, York. The matter of burial reform is one both of science and of social and sanitary progress, and it is earnestly to be desired that all ranks of society should take a practical interest in the movement. Personally, I happen to be a strong advocate of cremation as the only absolutely safe mode of disposing of the dead—safe, I mean, with regard to the interests of the living. I believe we shall find in time that all the objections (sentimental and natural enough, I admit) to this process will disappear before the sensible and calm consideration of its advantages. The practice of cremation may, perchance, abolish the "God's acre" of poetry, but it will accomplish a boon if it succeeds in doing away with those overcrowded, festering charnel-fields we name our cemeteries. Bodies buried in many cemeteries are preserved, rather than disintegrated, by the unsuitable nature of the soil; and when we reflect that burial, as ordinarily carried out, does not destroy disease-germs, and that water and air are liable to pollution from churchyards and cemeteries as they exist, we may cease to look for other arguments in support of any system which, while reverently disposing of the dead, holds safety to the living in its grasp.

People, as a rule, forget that essentially the same process goes on when a body is properly buried as when it is cremated. The former is a slow, and the latter a quick, reduction of the frame to its elementary constituents. What burial takes years to accomplish is effected in an hour or so in the crematorium. So much is matter of chemical fact. What the public should bear in mind, however, is that "burial," as ordinarily practised, is a sheer mockery of that term. We seem to take care that the body shall not come in contact with the earth at all, and this proviso, of dissolution in Mother Earth, is, of course, the very essence of all burial properly carried out. The body is often placed, not in one coffin, but in two or even three, and one of these may be of zinc or lead. Then the outer coffin, as a rule, is as massive as if it were intended to last for ages—it does last for centuries, of course, if the burial takes place in a vault. The "kindred earth" has no chance of access to the remains at the best, and so burial becomes simply a farce, sanitariously viewed.

Add to this, that the expense of a middle-class or upper-class funeral is appalling and unnecessary, and we may well understand and approve the Burial Reform Society's standpoint when it tells us of the iniquity of spending on "the suits and trappings of lugubrious woe" the huge sums paid to undertakers for gaudy and meretricious display; and this often by families whose means are not by any means well able to withstand such a drain on their finances. It is curious to note that possibly the "poor pauper whom nobody owns" is more rationally interred than the prince, because of the simplicity of the funeral arrangements, from the coffin onwards. Of course, it is easy to bury our dead simply and unostentatiously without imitating the obsequies of the pauper; and any practices which will enable mankind to carry out the objects of the Burial Reform Society assuredly deserve the support of all thinking men and women. I am reminded, of course, that the "earth to earth" system in vogue at Woking and elsewhere is an attempt to adjust burial to sanitary conditions; and, so far, it may be commended and encouraged, if only because of the simplicity which attends its practice. In the days to come, however, cremation will solve all burial difficulties, and enable us to dispose of our dead reverently and quietly, with due regard to the safety and health of those who still dwell on the earth.

The proposal to introduce £1 bank-notes into the English currency has awoke the medical journals once again to the necessity for warning people of the "danger to infection" which may lurk in these bits of paper. This is an old scare; but I fail to see why it is urged with such persistency by grandmotherly professional organs. Where is it that infection may not dwell? And where is the thing or substance that may not "convey the microbes of disease"? In Scotland £1 notes have been in use for many years; yet I do not know of any facts which show that the Scottish nation is more subject to casual infection than their friends and neighbours south of the Tweed. Many of the Scottish notes are artistic in colour and design, and are quite as cleanly as English "fivers." The safe rule would be that of calling in the notes at short and stated intervals, and of thus preventing them from becoming sodden and dirty.

We may well agree with the remark that the present fever for "cures" is much to be deplored. The last exploit in this direction of which I have heard is the transfusion of goat's blood into tuberculous patients. This procedure has been carried out at Nancy under the supervision of the faculty. The idea involved in this proceeding is that of the possible protection of human tissues from tubercle through the fact of goat's blood being a fluid not liable to tuberculous attack. Whether this idea is justifiable remains to be seen. It depends on an inference drawn from sundry experiments made in Paris by M. Richet, showing that dog's blood protected rabbits from tubercle invasion.

The Duke of Fife has become a patron of the Church of England Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association.

The Chancellor of the University of Oxford (Lord Salisbury) has nominated Lord Selborne to be High Steward of the University, in the room of the late Lord Carnarvon. The nomination has to be submitted for the approval of Convocation.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Her Majesty's first Drawingroom is to be held on March 4. Already materials are being selected and styles chosen for the dresses, and I am told that the high bodices now allowed by the Queen are on this occasion to be very generally patronised. There is an evil prophecy from America to the effect that English weather is to be very cold again in March, so that it is the part of wisdom for elderly women to avail themselves of her Majesty's wise and gracious permission to be covered. The high bodices are becoming enough. Especially so is the pattern in which the material is cut with a V-shaped opening, to be filled in with lace, hidden beneath which there may be wool or silk or whatever is required for adequate warmth of clothing. The square top which has to be filled in with white lisse is more trying. White in a mass does not become most faces that have lost the delicate bloom of earliest youth.

Court dress would be far more becoming, indeed, if dead-white gloves and feathers were not indispensable. Many colours are much injured in effect by having to be worn with these white accessories. But her Majesty is very conservative about the Court fashions. At one time certain adventurous women, instigated by their dressmakers, went to Court in gloves of primrose, palest heliotrope, and other delicate tints that harmonised with their costumes. But the Lord Chamberlain was soon ordered to put a stop to the innovation. Again, when Messrs. Russell and Allen produced a Court gown a year or two ago that was a model of beauty, but was made of an unorthodox material, cloth—palest blue-green in colour, that exquisite confection was, and trimmed with garlands of crumpled tea-roses in tender pink—an intimation was received from Court that a lady would not be received who might appear at the Palace in such a dress. It is only three seasons ago that her Majesty consented to allow high bodices; and then the models, passed by the highest authority, were found to have a mass of white near the face, to match the white gloves, plumes, and veil or lappets already exacted. Her Majesty herself, however, often wears a black veil, while the broad ribbon of the Garter, carried across her berthe, and always adorned with many orders, gives a relief that is wanting in the gowns of her subjects.

It is understood that certain ladies have received an intimation that they are expected not to present at Court any lady whom they do not themselves visit and invite to their own homes. It might be supposed beforehand that it would be quite needless to request ladies not to introduce to their Sovereign anyone whom they did not consider worthy of their own private society. But "times is hard," and it is a positive fact that there are women of title who are willing to make money by presenting to the Queen any ambitious and rich women whose social position can pass muster at the Lord Chamberlain's office. In this way some very undesirable people have gone to Court.

The presenting dowagers generally demand very high terms. Sometimes one will receive the presentee to board, asking the wealthy plebeian—the daughter of a rich manufacturer, the American girl who wants to boast all her life after of having kissed a Royal hand, or what not—to pay twenty-five guineas a week for a back bedroom at the top of a dingy Mayfair house, and the enjoyment of the shabby-aristocratic daily menu. Then the presentee will pay for the Court gown of her presentress, and for the bouquets, and for the carriage, and, in one way and another, will lay out about two hundred

pounds for the honour she gains. Yet the dowager in this case would probably be ready to declare that she has not been paid for making the presentation—the other lady has merely met the inevitable expenses! Should any hitch occur in the arrangements, this dowager is nevertheless equal to detaining her "guest's" boxes till a heavy bill is paid. It is not yet generally known to how considerable an extent lodging-house-keeping is carried on in this way as a new "occupation for gentlewomen." Other presenting ladies, however, take a fee for their services without shame. No wonder that the Lord Chamberlain feels it is time to take notice of these proceedings.

It seems to take one far back into history to hear of the death of Mary Lamb's adopted daughter, and the widow of the publisher who was convicted of publishing blasphemy in issuing Shelley's "Queen Mab"—Mrs. Moxon. There is an account, by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, of Mary Lamb's way of dealing with children which seems to me beautiful, and a type of what such dealings ought to be. "Miss Lamb," she says, "threw herself so entirely into the child's way of thinking, and contrived to take an estimate of things so completely from their point of view, that she made them rejoice to have her for their co-mate in affairs that interested them. While thus lending herself to their notions, she, with a judiciousness peculiar to her, imbued her words with the wisdom and experience that belonged to her maturer years; so that, while she seemed but the listening, concurring friend, she was also the helping, guiding friend. Her monitions never took the form of reproof, but were always dropped in with the air of agreed propositions, as if they grew out of the subject in question, and presented themselves as matters of course to both her young companions and herself." Then Mrs. Clarke goes on to tell how Miss Lamb entered with full sympathy into the girlish friendship between the writer and Emma Isola (Mrs. Moxon), and how, fully understanding that young things want unrestricted companionship with each other, without that desire implying either want of love for their seniors or anything really secret in their small confidences, "she would allow us to be shut up in her own room to have our talks out."

What a perfect little sketch of the true, wise working of the genuine instinct of motherliness! Among the many ineffably sorrowful, commonplace, everyday, overlooked tragedies of life as we live it, I know not one that touches me more deeply than the wasted motherly love of single women. It is so common a case: the little sister who adores the baby, who will make any sacrifice of her own toys and pleasures to it, and play with it for an hour at a time; growing to the girl whom the smaller children all cling to, and who acts the nurse with untiring gladness, and with the skill of a born genius for the task; then the young woman who presently develops every talent that becomes the mistress of a house, and is full of that gracious power to love and train that would surely make her children arise and call her blessed—this woman, because she (men being foolish or she fastidious) does not "get married," is denied her soul's birthright.

It is true that an adopted love may, as in Mary Lamb's case, in part fill the heart of such a woman. Yet, even where this may be possible—wanting the memories of those earliest days, when the little life affords to her who wears it against her heart its sweetest, deepest, most secret, strangest interest—never, we may be sure, can such an adopted love fill the gap that is left in the heart of a woman whose genius for motherhood has been a vast potentiality never realised, a wasted gift, a heart-hunger to be hidden in silence.

## MUSIC.

Gounod's "Redemption" attracted a large gathering of oratorio lovers to the Royal Albert Hall on Ash Wednesday. As regards solo vocalists, it might be possible to point to a stronger combination among past performances of this noble work, but, so far as concerns the choral portions, it may safely be asserted that a finer rendering has never been heard in this country. Since the reorganisation of the choir two or three seasons ago, the Royal Choral Society has become absolutely unapproachable, and, in the interpretation of works like the "Redemption" and Berlioz's "Faust," not to speak of the favourite oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, might now confidently challenge any other existing body of the kind. Gounod's sacred trilogy has become extremely popular with habitués of these concerts, and no one is likely to complain of its being chosen permanently to fill the Ash Wednesday programme. The strikingly even excellence of the performance under notice precludes the necessity for entering into minute detail. Enough that every point was made, every nuance faithfully observed under Mr. Barnby's watchful control and unerring beat. Not only the choir but the band also was at its best, and the important share borne by the latter in the Scene of the Crucifixion—the "March to Calvary," the episode of the Darkness, &c.—contributed in a noteworthy degree to the impressive effect of this beautiful portion of the work. Madame Nordica, in spite of slight indisposition, was in splendid voice, and gave the air "From Thy love as a Father" with such thrilling resonance and fervour of delivery that, late though it was, the number had to be repeated. Madame Belle Cole and Miss Kate Flinn did justice to the contralto and second soprano solos; Mr. Watkin Mills gave the utterances of the Saviour in his usual careful but monotonous manner; and the music of the two Narrators was capably sung by Mr. Ivor McKay and Mr. Henry Pope. Mr. W. Hodge, as usual, presided ably at the organ.

At the chamber concert given by Señor Albeniz at St. James's Hall on Feb. 12, the talented Spanish pianist proved himself far more at home in the elegant trifles from his own pen, which he plays so exquisitely, than in Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, whereof, at any rate, the first movement was very feebly and tamely interpreted. His clever countryman, Señor Arbos, again displayed the sound attributes of the Joachim school in the adagio from Spohr's ninth concerto, and a fugue in G minor by Bach. The two artists were also associated with our own excellent English cellist, Mr. W. H. Squire, in Schubert's B flat trio, while Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. Hirwen Jones sang some good songs in delightful fashion.

The Kensington Orchestral and Choral Society, an institution which enjoys Royal patronage and now in its eleventh season, gave a concert at the Kensington Townhall on the evening of Feb. 13 before a large and demonstrative audience. Mendelssohn's "Ninety-fifth Psalm" and Schubert's "Song of Miriam" were the principal compositions performed, the psalm being especially well given. Miss Evelyn Carlton, Miss Celia Comyns, and Mr. Bernard Lane divided the solos, and the first and last mentioned of these artists also won hearty applause for a charming rendering of the duet "Dear love of mine," from Goring Thomas's opera "Nadeshda." The choir sang with creditable spirit and precision, and the band further distinguished itself in Auber's overture "La Sirène." A pretty song by Miss Cécile Hartog, entitled "The Song of the Swallow," was sung for the first time by Miss Carlton, and encored.

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We're a capital couple the Moon and I,

I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky;

And we both declare, as half the world knows,

Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES"

"Lenten Oratorio at 'Covent Garden'" was an almost forgotten phrase in the last decade of the eighteenth century. Strange that it should have fallen to the lot of Mr. Augustus Harris to revive the custom started by the illustrious Handel himself! This is not the first time, of course, that oratorio has been performed within the walls of the present opera-house. Some four or five years ago an attempt was made in the same direction during the Promenade Concert season, and with a tolerable measure of success. That, however, was in the autumn; this is during Lent, which is a vastly different thing. The public of to-day knows nothing of what was in vogue a hundred and fifty years ago. Hence the doubts freely expressed as to whether music-lovers would flock to the theatre, even to hear an oratorio, on the Saturday following Ash Wednesday. Happily, the fears in question were groundless. Mendelssohn's "Elijah," with a band and chorus of 600, and popular vocalists like Miss Anna Williams, Miss Lizzie Neal, Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Watkin Mills, formed too strong an attraction to be resisted. The house was well filled in most parts—in some to overflowing. The performance, though by no means free from blemish, boasted sufficient merit to thoroughly satisfy the audience; and altogether the most enterprising of modern managers scored a distinct success in the latest of his many ventures. Mr. Randegger, who conducted, had a magnificent choir under his control, but undoubtedly a considerable proportion of the tone, more especially of the male voices, was lost amid the draperies that decorate the stage.

The Royal Academy students gave a chamber concert at St. James's Hall on Feb. 16, when some useful and interesting work was done. The programme included a motet by Wesley, "Sing aloud with gladness," and a madrigal, "Gently falls the evening shade," by Marenzio, which were capably sung by the choir under the direction of the Principal, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. Mozart's string quartet in D minor, No. 2, was carefully played by Messrs. Arthur Hinton, Philip Cathie, Arthur Walenn, and B. P. Parker; and Mendelssohn's pianoforte trio in the same key received an adequate rendering at the hands of Miss Maud Wilson, Mr. Philip Cathie, and Mr. Clement Hann. These were the chief items of the concert. For the rest we may accord general praise to the young vocal and instrumental soloists who appeared, these comprising Miss Adela Bona, Miss Ada Rothney, Miss Jessie Strathearn, Miss Edith Pratt, Miss Christine Taylor, Miss Edith Purvis, Miss Jessie Meadows, Mr. Cuthbert Cronk, and Mr. Charles Anty.

The typical programme provided for the delectation of Monday "Pop" habitués, on Feb. 16, opened with No. 2 of Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" quartets, the executants being Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti. In what manner the favourite work was interpreted by this time-honoured combination it would be utterly superfluous to say. Enough that the audience (a large one, by the way) expressed its delight with unmistakable warmth and emphasis. Dr. Joachim further took part, with Mr. Straus, in the Larghetto and Rondo Vivace from Spohr's Duo Concertante in D major, for two violins; and with Messrs. Max Pauer and Piatti in Mendelssohn's C minor Pianoforte Trio. Mr. Pauer, who had made his *réentrée* at these concerts on Feb. 14, after two years' absence, was heard alone in Rheinberger's Toccata, Op. 12. His rendering of this brilliant piece pleased so well that an encore was demanded, and the young pianist complied by playing Beethoven's Andante in F. Mr. Hirwen Jones sang songs by Gounod and Schubert in his best style.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It was a curious time to take a London theatre in order to produce yet another version of "Monte Cristo," and to take one under conditions that would prove almost insurmountable, except to the persistently sanguine. But who would be so foolish as to judge theatrical speculations, or managers, or administrators, by the ordinary rules of common-sense? Every year of our lives a certain amount of sound, hard, valuable cash—money that represents the work of time or the inheritance of ancestors—is flung without a thought into the gutter! It must be so. The theatre, like every other luxury, is synonymous with waste and extravagance. We, who are somewhat interested in the cause of the higher art of the theatre puzzle our poor brains, and wonder if, by hook or by crook, a certain number of wealthy men could be induced to spend in the cause of art as much as other men, relatively as rich, spend over foxhounds, or sport, or gambling, or yachts, or what not form of pleasure. Hopeless, indeed, is the thought of any playhouse to which a Government subvention is attached, nor, indeed, for many reasons is it desirable. But a theatre, for the support of which influential and wealthy men would contribute, might, under certain circumstances, be most desirable for the good of the community.

And do you think, good patient reader, that as much, nay more, good money is not wasted and squandered on the playhouses of London as on any other form of amusement? Ay, ten times as much! But it is money that might just as well be flung into the Thames for aught good it does to the art of the theatre. Indeed, instead of advancing the dramatic art, as a rule it degrades it. Ask the wealthy men who build theatres and own them. Do they ever fail to let their properties at an increased rental? Never in this world. Why? Simply because every year of our lives there are so many thousands and tens of thousands waiting to be spent on the amusements of the theatre. There is no question of getting back any interest or profit on the investment. It is simply money drawn out of a bank to be flung into the gutter. A rich man who gives a banquet to his friends scarcely expects to get any return for his generosity except in the form of thanks for his hospitality. He wakes up next morning, and knows that his money is irretrievably lost and wasted. There is no calling it back, even if he cried his eyes out. And, in the same way, who in the wide world benefits from some of the annual money wasted over theatrical enterprise? Not a human soul except the retinue of the theatre, from the scene-painter to the bill-board man.

A young lady with absolutely no experience whatever wishes to appear, and thinks she will win her name to fame by—cheque-book. An old or a fading lady vainly imagines that she will do the impossible and reconquer time—by cheque-book. A youth dreams that he will become an Irving, or a Hare, or a Beerbohm Tree without mounting the ladder, and merely by signing a few letters in a cheque-book. An author has written a play of which he thinks much, and his friends pretend to think more, and fame, forsooth! is to be obtained for this play by cheque-book! Someone has got a craze in his head to produce such and such a work, or to ventilate this or that chimerical scheme which may be practically useless or impossible, and endeavours to leap over the quick-set hedge of difficulties with a steel pen and a cheque-book! Why, we meet every one of these amiable eccentrics every year of our lives. They

are as common as dogs' tails. The theatre, as an institution, would not prevail in popularity without them. But, in order that they may exist, theatres must necessarily increase and multiply. There must be some safety-valve for all this disinterested and apparently useless capital. The last thing that is requisite is experience. The only thing that such enthusiasts do not require is good advice. But you may talk to the day of doom, and never persuade Miss Fifiue that she cannot act even one little bit, or Madame Energy that it is high time to retire and leave acting alone, or Mr. Shopwalker that he will never be Hamlet or Romeo if he live a thousand years, or Mr. Waste Paper Basket that he is not a Shakspeare or a Sheridan. Truth in these cases is only told, and experience alone found, by the expenditure of a vast amount of money. And, after all, what does it matter? It is better to waste money in theatrical speculation than at Monte Carlo or the baccarat tables abroad. The money spent here remains at home.

Possibly—who can tell?—all previous ideas about the romance of "Monte Cristo" were all wrong. Some of us were silly enough to imagine that the old story belonged to a fantastic and imaginative era, before Ibsen or Zola or Tolstoi was ever heard of in the world of letters. The romance of old Dumas does not harmonise with the turn of mind or tone of thought when a Nora Helmer leaves her husband and children in order to educate herself, or when the Master of Rosmersholm and Miss Rebecca West, having no religion, or faith, or belief in anyone but themselves, go out arm in arm and drown themselves, glorifying in, and justifying, their suicide. What has the romantic "Monte Cristo" to do with a time when a Hedda Gabler is quite angry because her particular friend does not commit suicide beautifully by shooting himself through the head, and not clumsily and inartistically through the stomach? Fancy asking the young playgoers who believe that the worship of the ugly and the hideous and the loathsome in life is the highest expression of art to take interest in the imaginative world in which old Dumas—healthy old soul!—lived, or in the fancies of the romancists for whom he wrote!

And on another point we were all apparently wrong. We all imagined that "Monte Cristo" required space in order to be conveniently seen as a stage play or a spectacle. We hitherto required for it all the advantages of costume, glitter, romance, unreality, actors who were essentially imaginative, scenes as far as possible from the world in which we live. Others think differently. They produce "Monte Cristo" on a small stage, without any glitter of attraction, without any special romantic feature in the acting or production. *Qui bono?* What is it all done for? Mr. Charles Warner and Miss Jessie Millward are too experienced in their art to make any very serious mistake. If "Monte Cristo" must be done well, they do far better for it than dozens of others would do. This may be faint praise, but it is all that occurs to the mind at the moment. Mr. Vanderfelt seems to be a promising young actor, with a good method of elocution and a gallant presence. What Mr. Henry Lee can do, no critic of acting would pretend to say, from the specimen in the new "Monte Cristo." He may be a very good actor, for aught I know; but I have had no means of judging what Mr. Lee's powers may be. He came on in several disguises, but he was the same man exactly throughout. It seemed to me the art of a platform entertainer rather than that of an actor. But the audience—particularly the American section of the audience—appeared to be highly delighted, and they were all inclined to prophesy that "Monte Cristo," even under these conditions, would run for hundreds of nights. So it will, if the cheque-book is stout enough.

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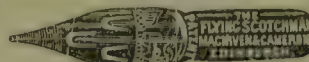
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (with ten codicils) of Charles Blackburn, late of 31, Ladbroke-grove, Notting-hill, but formerly of Parkfield, Didsbury, Manchester, has been proved, the gross personal estate being £119,809 16s. 4d., and the net £119,056 10s. 9d. The testator appoints Robert Smith, Herbert Stephenson Smith, and James Wetherall Slater his trustees and executors, and gives each of them a legacy of £1000. He bequeaths £4000 to his grandson, William Blackburn, if he attains twenty-five; an annuity of £800 and the right to occupy Lancing House, Scarborough, to the widow of his late son William; £14,000, upon trust, for his daughter Eliza Blackburn and her issue; the income arising from £8000 to be applied for the benefit of his son Henry; and other legacies. The residue of the testator's real and personal estate is directed to be held in trust for the children of his late son William.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Fife, of the general disposition and settlement (executed April 8, 1889), with a holograph codicil (dated Sept. 23, 1890), of Mr. James Alexander of Balmule, Dunfermline, county of Fife, who died on Dec. 13, granted to David Alexander, Thomas Alexander, and Henry Alexander, the brothers, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 6, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £82,000.

The will (dated June 11, 1888) of Mr. Philip Chaplin, late of Feltmores, Harlow, Essex, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on Feb. 6 by Alleyne Alfred Boxall and Thomas Stirling, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £78,000. The testator leaves his farm at Stapleford Abbots, Essex, and the manorial city tolls, Ongar market and toll-house, to his nephew John Thomas Chaplin; £15,000, upon trust, for his said nephew, for life, and then for his children: the White Hall Farm, Bishops Stortford, Herts, to his nephew Charles Thomas Chaplin, for life, then to his son

Frederick, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail male; £500 to his said nephew Charles Thomas Chaplin; the Railway Hotel, Harlow, and some property at Sheering and Sawbridgeworth, Essex, to his nephew Thomas Chaplin; for life, and then to his three grandnieces, the daughters of Eliza Matthews; the remainder of his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property at Harlow and a farm at North Weald, Essex, to his said nephew Charles Thomas Chaplin, for life, then, as to two thirds, for his son, Frederick, for life, and then to his children, and, as to one third, for Birdie Chaplin, for life, and then for her children; and legacies and annuities to executors, housekeeper, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for the children of his nephews John Thomas Chaplin and Charles Thomas Chaplin, and for the daughters of his niece, Hannah Eliza Matthews.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1884) of Mr. Alfred Braby, late of 15, Holland Villas-road, Kensington, who died on Dec. 30, was proved on Feb. 4 by Mrs. Mary Jane Braby, the widow, and Clement Braby and Percy Braby, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £77,000. The testator gives all his shares in limited liability companies, his leasehold residence, with the furniture and effects, and £500 to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated July 12, 1882), with a codicil (dated Aug. 16, 1883), of Mr. Godefroy Nicolas Edouard Cruse, late of 55, Cours du Pavé des Chartrons, Bordeaux, merchant, who died on Sept. 23 last, was proved in London on Feb. 6 by Madame Anna Wilhelmine Sophie Jeanne Sorbé, the daughter, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator bequeaths 635,000 francs to his wife, Madame Anna Elizabeth Marguerite Cruse, to make up to her the sum she lost by her second marriage to him; he also bequeaths to her the household furniture, silver plate,

movable objects, and wines at his residences, in full ownership.

The will (dated March 4, 1889), with a codicil (dated Dec. 19 following), of Mr. Henry Grose, late of Manor Dale, Manor-road, Forest-hill, and of 17, Camomile-street, merchant, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Jan. 13 by Henry Waters Grose and Frederick Oswald Grose, the sons, and William Edward Matthiessen, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £68,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects, and £200, to his wife, Mrs. Isabella Grose; his residence, Manor Dale, to her for life; a house at Forest-hill, and £1000, upon trust, for his son James George, his wife and children; and £3000 to each of his nine sons Henry Waters, John, Arthur, Frank, Herbert, Edward, George Frederick, Howard, and Frederick Oswald. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he bequeaths £300 to each of the children of his late daughter Isabella Waters Manning; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Elizabeth, for life, and then for her issue as she shall appoint; £300 to each of the children of his son James George; and the ultimate residue to his said nine sons Henry Waters, John, Arthur, Frank, Herbert, Edward, George Frederick, Howard, and Frederick Oswald.

The will (dated April 28, 1885) of Mr. Samuel Lees, late of Beacon View, Hill Top, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, manufacturer and merchant, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Feb. 4 by John Bayley Lees and Charles Lees, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £48,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the West Bromwich District Hospital. The residue of his property he leaves, as to one fourth, to each of his said two brothers; and one fourth, upon trust, for each of his sisters, Sarah Ann Crofts and Lydia Helme, for their lives, and then for their respective children.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1887) of the Hon. Alfred John Francis Egerton, M.P. for the Eccles Division of Lancashire, late of Burwood House, Cobham, Surrey, and 4, Upper



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years' system as the Manufacturers, THOMAS OETZMANN  
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Grosvenor-street, who died on Sept. 25 last, has been proved by the Hon. Isabella Corisande Gertrude Egerton, the widow, and the Earl of Ellesmere, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £53,000. The testator appoints the trust property, under their marriage settlements, to his wife, and bequeaths to her £500, and the furniture and effects at his town residence; and to his said brother his brood mares, blood stock, and thoroughbred horses. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children. In default of issue the residue is to go to the son of his said brother who first attains twenty-one.

The will (dated May 9, 1889) of Mr. Edward Bellamy, F.R.C.S., late of 17, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, who died on Jan. 4, was proved on Jan. 31 by Mrs. Emily Sarah Bellamy, the widow, Edwin Woodward Legg, and George Lionel Dashwood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9694. The testator bequeaths £500 and his furniture and effects to his wife. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children or issue, as she shall appoint.

The will of the Right Hon. Ellen Georgiana, Dowager Baroness St. John, late of Rickling, Essex, who died on Dec. 26, was proved on Jan. 30 by Francis Savile Harry Judd, her husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6220.

## OBITUARY.

MR. CHARLES ALDENBURGH BENTINCK.

Mr. Charles Aldenburgh Bentinck of Indio, Devon, and of Terrington St. Clement, Norfolk, died on Feb. 7, at his seat, near Bovey Tracey. He was born March 22, 1810, the youngest son of the late Vice-Admiral William Bentinck, by his wife, Lady Frances Augusta Eliza Pierrepont, only daughter of Charles, first Earl Manvers, and was a Magistrate for Devonshire. He married, first, May 10, 1849, Harriet, third daughter of the late Mr. Baldwin Fulford of Fulford, Devon, and secondly, Jan. 20, 1858, Frances, second daughter of the late Mr. Martin Williams of Bryn-Gwyn, Montgomeryshire. By the former, who died in March 1853, he leaves an only surviving son, Henry Aldenburgh, barrister-at-law, who was born in 1852, and married, in July 1890, Alma, eldest daughter of Lord Clarence Paget.

COLONEL DYOTT OF FREEFORD.

Colonel Richard Dyott of Freeford Hall, Staffordshire, for many years M.P. for Lichfield, died recently, aged eighty-three. He was the eldest son of the late General William Dyott of Freeford, by Eleanor, his wife, daughter and heiress of the late Mr. Samuel Thompson of Greenmount, in the county of Antrim. He was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered the Army as ensign in the 53rd Regiment, October 1827, but retired as Captain, August

1838. He was a Magistrate and a Deputy Lieutenant for Staffordshire, and served as High Sheriff for that county in 1856, and was formerly Colonel of the Stafford Militia. He entered Parliament, in the Conservative interest, July 1865, as member for Lichfield, having unsuccessfully contested South Staffordshire, August 1837, and Lichfield, July 1841. In 1880 he was defeated, was re-elected the same year, but was unseated on petition. The deceased gentleman married, Dec. 9, 1849, Ellen Catherine, only daughter of the late Mr. Charles Smith Forster of Lysways Hall, Staffordshire, M.P. for Walsall, and sister of Sir Charles Forster, first Baronet, M.P. for Walsall, which lady died in 1886, leaving no issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Tharia Topan, Head of the British-Indian Community of Zanzibar, and founder of the hospital there, suddenly, aged sixty-nine. He received the honour of Knighthood last year.

General William Barclay Goodfellow, lately Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Engineers, on Feb. 6, at Torquay, in his eighty-fourth year. He was sixty-seven years in the service, having obtained his Lieutenancy in December 1824.

Lieut.-Colonel George Firebrace, of the Royal Artillery, suddenly, on Feb. 6, at Aberdeen. Born in 1843, he entered the Army in 1862, became Captain in 1875, Major in 1882, and Lieut.-Colonel in 1889.

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Riders say: "No one could wish for better." Cash or Payments. Testimonials, Catalogue, Clearance List. **T. HOUGH,** Florence Works, Wolverhampton.



**SWEET  
LAVENDER**  
(MAUDE MILLETT BRAND, REGISTERED).

The Favourite  
English Perfume.

ALWAYS REFRESHING,  
SWEET, AND LASTING.  
Prices 1/-, 2/6, 5/-, and  
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To be had of Perfumers,  
Chemists, &c.

Wholesale of R. HOVENDEN  
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City-road, E.C., London.

## THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL  
COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant  
odour.  
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin,  
or even white linen.  
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER  
is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

### NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be  
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HARRINGTON'S PATENT.

THE MOST LUXURIOUS CHAIR EVER MADE.

Suitable for Birthday and Wedding Gifts.

From £3 3s. to £12 12s.

UPHOLSTERED IN EVERY STYLE.

Also Anti-Vibration Cushion for Carriages and Driving Seats.

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WORKS: COVENTRY.

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PHOSPHATES NOURISH BRAIN AND FRAME.

PHOSPHATES GIVE STRENGTH TO BONE AND MUSCLE.

PHOSPHATES INVIGORATE AND ENRICH THE BLOOD.

## "FRAME FOOD" PORRIDGE

(NOT OATMEAL)

is a Cooked WHEATEN Powder, STRENGTHENED with the  
"FRAME FOOD" EXTRACT of PHOSPHATES from WHEAT BRAN.

A FOOD for EVERYBODY.

Does not Heat nor Irritate the most Sensitive Constitution.

HALF an OUNCE makes a BREAKFAST CUP;  
A BREAKFAST CUP makes a MEAL.

Sold by Chemists and Grocers, at 6s. 6d. per 7 lb., 1s. per 1 lb., and 7d. per ½ lb. Tins.

Or sent Carriage Paid, with full particulars, by

FRAME FOOD CO., LTD., LOMBARD ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

IMPORTANT EXPLANATION.—"FRAME FOOD" EXTRACT is the nutritious matter extracted from WHEAT BRAN, and restores to WHITE FLOUR all the PHOSPHATIC nourishment lost in the separation of the Flour from the Bran by the Miller. It gives the special nourishing value to "FRAME FOOD" PORRIDGE.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS!—The LANCET says: "A preparation of great interest and high dietetic value. . . . An important contribution to scientific food supply."

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**Hindes PATENT Hair Curlers**

BRIGHT METAL.  
SIXPENCE THE BOX OF FOUR.  
Imitations absolutely useless  
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"Hindes Patent" are on the  
box. Of all Dealers; or Sample  
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HINDES, LIMITED  
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MRS. LANGTRY WRITES, find them invaluable!

## NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Patron—The QUEEN.

During its short existence the Society has dealt with 9703 cases of cruelty to children, mostly very little children, a shameful proportion being quite babies—in which 4137 were cases of neglect and starvation.

It is spending £15,000 a year, of which less than £250 is for its office expenses.

It has got to work in only one fifth of the country, and is greatly needing the means to extend and sustain its work.

Orders, cheques, and notes should be crossed "Courts and Co."

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FITS OR EPILEPSY can only be properly

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The Great Remedy for Gout, Rheumatism, and Neuralgia. The acute pain is quickly relieved and cured by this celebrated Medicine. All Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM CURED!

Particulars and Testimonials post free of

PRINCE'S ITALIAN TREATMENT COMPANY, Limited,

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT.

The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

## Allen & Hanburys' "Perfected"

## Cod Liver Oil

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be,"  
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"Has almost the delicacy of salad oil."—Brit. Med. Journal.

Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In Capsuled Bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Sold Everywhere.

NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is NEVER sold in bulk, and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen and Hanburys' Name and Trade-Mark (a Plough).

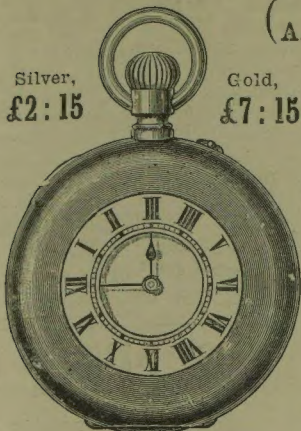
LIQUID MALT forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, a powerful aid to the digestion, and very palatable, possessing the nutritive and purgative properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 9d. each.

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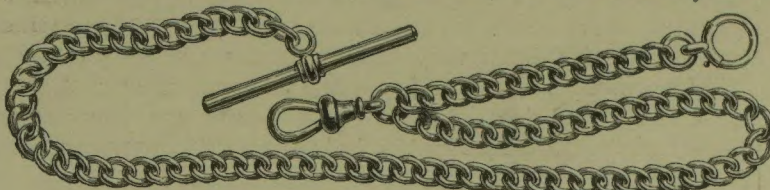
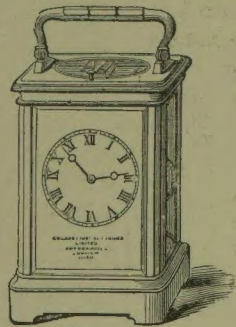
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(Late A. B. SAVORY & SONS) 11 and 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C. (Opposite the Bank of England)



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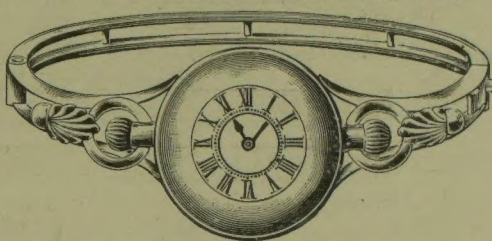


Lady's Curb Pattern 18-ct. Gold Victoria Chain, £4 4s. Other sizes from £3 to £10.

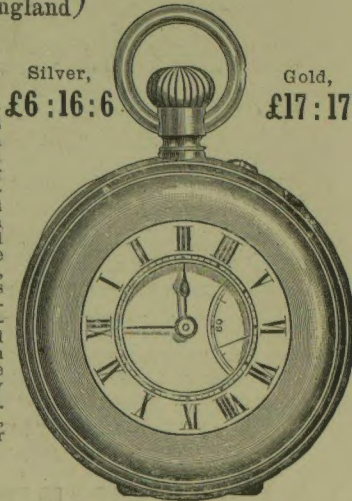
FINE GOLD KEYLESS WATCH BRACELET, £16. Ditto, in Silver, £5 10s. and £5 15s.

In Best Morocco Cases.

The Watch can be detached and worn separately.



GENTLEMAN'S KEYLESS THREE-QUARTER PLATE LEVER WATCH, in plain or engine-turned strong half-hunting cases, compound balance, and jewelled holes. This watch is manufactured throughout by the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited, and embraces all the latest improvements, the introduction of the compound balance resulting in a perfectly reliable timekeeper of entirely English workmanship. In 18-ct. Gold Cases, £17 17s.; in Silver Cases, £6 16s. 6d.



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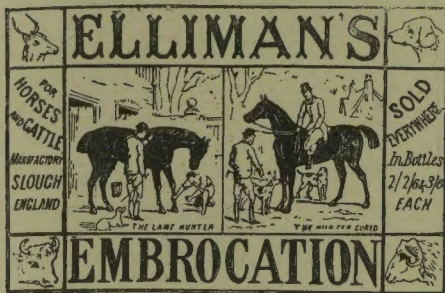
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LADY'S HIGHLY FINISHED KEYLESS WATCH, half-hunting case, with opal or blue enamel zone. In 18-ct. Gold Cases, £7 15s.; Silver Cases, £2 15s.

Repeating Carriage Clock, striking on fine going hours and half-hours, lever movement, compensation balance, jewelled, in best Morocco Case, £6. Carriage Timepieces from £3 10s.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT



FOR SPRAINS, CURBS, AND SPLINTS WHEN FORMING. FOR OVER-REACHES, CHAPPED HEELS, WIND GALLS. FOR RHEUMATISM IN HORSES. FOR SORE THROATS AND INFLUENZA. FOR BROKEN KNEES, BRUISES, CAPPED ROCKS. FOR SORE SHOULDERS, SORE BACKS. FOR SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS.

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### LATEST-CONTINENTAL NOVELTIES IN MANTLES AND GOWNS.

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NEW DESIGNS for the SPRING SEASON are now ready, and can be sent by post on application. FIT GUARANTEED.



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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.


"MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps and Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their establishment in Holland-street, Blackfriars, London."—See article in Cassell's Household Guide.

Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.

Sold only in Packets by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS and CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London.

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A specially constructed Belt Corset for Ladies inclined to embonpoint.

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"The illustrations show that a separate study is made of every kind of figure, and a special corset produced calculated to improve and preserve the particular type for which it is designed."—Lady.

Send Size of Waist, with P.O. on Sloane Street.

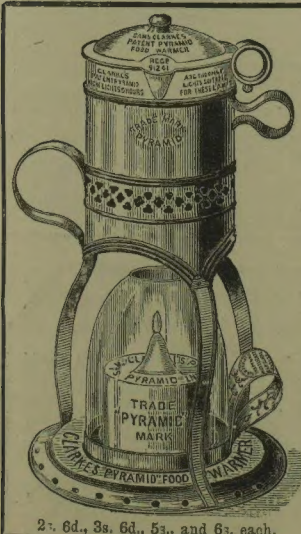
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FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.


## CLARKE'S "FAIRY" AND "PYRAMID" LIGHTS.

N.B.—If any difficulty in obtaining the above Lights, write to the manufacturers, who will give the address of their nearest Agent.



2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

### THE NEW PATENT SAFETY NIGHT LIGHT.



### "PYRAMID"

THE SHADED PART REPRESENTS THE PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE.

### CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Patent Fire-Proof Plaster Case.

### THE "BURGLAR'S HORROR."

Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 lights. 8d. per Box.

FAR, FAR and AWAY THE BEST TO PREVENT BURGLARIES. THE POLICE RECOMMEND AS FAR, FAR and AWAY THE BEST. CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS, IN FRONT AND BACK OF EVERY HOUSE.

FAR, FAR and AWAY THE BEST. TO SAVE VALUABLE PROPERTY. USE CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.

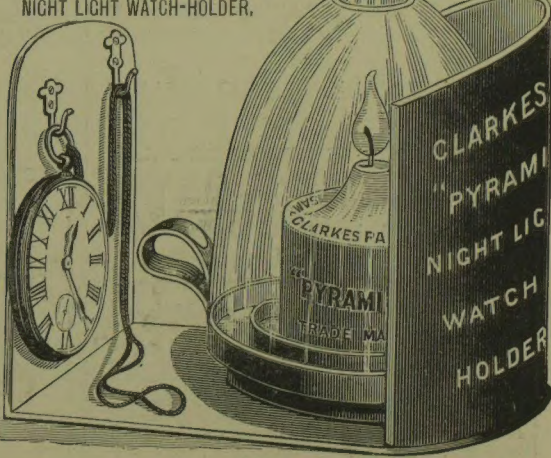
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As used by Her Majesty the Queen. "FAIRY" LIGHT.

With Double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each. 1s. per box.

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Japanned Watch-Holder and "Pyramid" Lamp complete, 2s. 6d. Invaluable at every bedside.

N.B.—There is no PARAFFIN or other DANGEROUS material used in the manufacture of ANY of the ABOVE LIGHTS, which are the only Lights that can safely be burned in Lamps.

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The Beauty of the Skin enhanced by



### POUDRE D'AMOUR.

(Prepared by PICARD FRERES, Parfumeurs.)  
A Toilet Powder combining every desideratum, Hygienic and Cosmetic, for beautifying and softening the skin. It will be equally welcomed by all for imparting a most natural freshness to the complexion.

Gentlemen will find it most soothing and pleasant for use after shaving.

In three tints: Blanche, for fair skins; Naturelle, for darker complexions; and Rachel, for use by artificial light.

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To be had of all Hairdressers, Chemists, &c.

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FOR ALL PURPOSES.

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The Great Family Medicine. Get a Bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. Acts directly on the seat of Pain. Externally it cures Scalds, Burns, Boils, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Stings and Bites of Insects, &c. Internally it cures Colds, Liver Complaints, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Colic, Diarrhoea, Cholera, &c. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Avoid Imitations under misleading names.

### PAIN KILLER.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS  
MRS. WINSLOW'S  
SOOTHING SYRUP  
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF & HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

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the two latest novelties, the most fragrant perfumes, in essences for the handkerchief, extra fine toilet soaps face powder, sachets, cosmétiques, toilet-water, etc., in splendid fancy boxes; the great success of the season.

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N.B.—The stretchers of an Umbrella are the wires that connect the middle of the Ribs to the Stick.

## DON'T EAT

Used as Ordinary Table Salt, "**PEPSALIA**" ensures  
Absolute Digestion of the Food.

In Bottles, 1s. and 2s. each, from Chemists, or from

G. & G. STERN, 62, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

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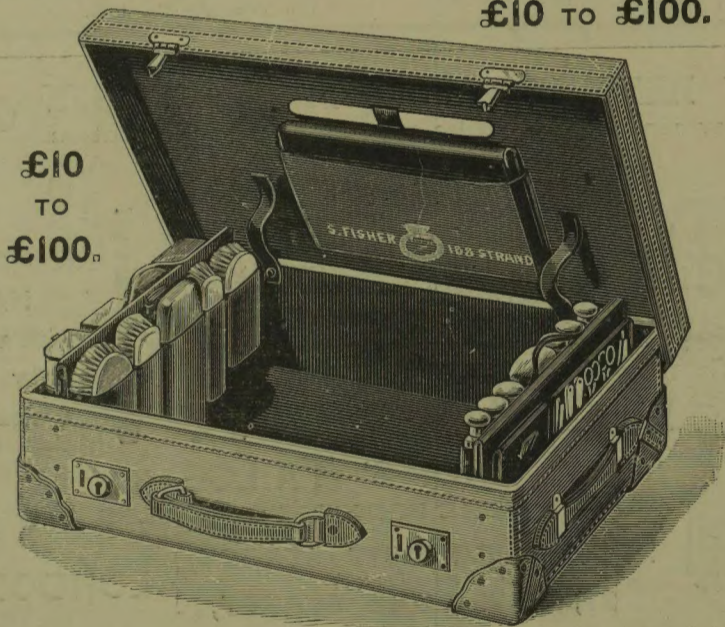
Dr. HARGREAVES, Chandos Street, London, W., writes: "I have given 'PEPSALIA' a trial of over two months in many and varied cases of dyspepsia and slow digestion. I found it a most valuable aid to digestion and assimilation of food. My patients who have used it have all much improved in health and strength."

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## FISHER'S "EIFFEL"

£10 TO £100.

ALREADY A GREAT SUCCESS.



OVERTOPS ALL OTHERS.

CATALOGUES FREE.

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**FURNITURE**  
**POLISH.**

**THE OLDEST AND BEST.**

"THE QUEEN"

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—  
Dec. 22, 1883.  
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MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, & INVALIDS.

EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE LETTER.

"I am pleased to say that when every form of diet failed we were enabled to give 'Benger's Food' and to see our Children gain rapidly and permanently."

**Benger's Food**  
THE MOST DELICIOUS,  
NUTRITIVE & DIGESTIBLE.  
Retail in Tins, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s.  
of Chemists, &c., Everywhere.  
WHOLESALE OF ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.

### IMPORTANT CAUTION!

Ladies are particularly cautioned to ask for

## "BEETHAM'S" GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER.

as the wonderful reputation this article has obtained for softening and beautifying the skin and complexion has induced many unprincipled persons to put up numerous preparations which they call "Glycerine and Cucumber," but which in reality contain no Cucumber at all, and are often poisonous preparations of lead and other minerals.

The only genuine is "BEETHAM'S,"  
Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., free for 3d. extra by  
**M. BEETHAM and SON,**  
CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

### TORPID LIVER

**CARTER'S**  
**LITTLE**  
**LIVER**  
**PILLS.**

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

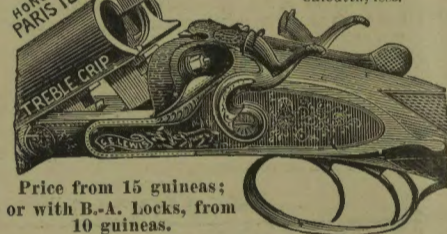
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent

Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

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THIS Gun, wherever shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 2000 Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade. B.L. Guns, from 50s. to 50 guineas; B.L. Revolvers, from 6s. 6d. to 100s. Send six stamps for New Illustrated Catalogue for season 1891, now ready, embracing every Gun, Rifle, and Revolver up to date; also Air-Cane, and Implement Sheets. For conversions, new barrels, Pin Fires to Central Fires, Muzzleloaders to Breechloaders, re-stocking, &c., we have a staff of men second to none in the trade. SPECIAL—We sell Guns &c., at one profit on first-cost of manufacture; Re-stocking, from 15s.; Pin Fires altered to Central Fires, from 30s.; New Barrels, from £2 to £10; M.L. altered to C.F., B.L., from 60s., with B.A. Locks; and from 80s. with Bar Locks, including new hammers, and making up as new; Altering Locks to Rebound, 12s.

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(In his clinical lecture at the London Hospital and Medical College).

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